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CHAPTERS FROM THE ENGLISH
NOVELISTS

COMPANION VOLUMES

Some Roundabout Papers, A Selection of Modern Essays
Six Short Biographies

CHAPTERS FROM THE ENGLISH NOVELISTS

EDITED BY
R. C. & N. GOFFIN

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS

1937

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMEN HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4

Edinburgh Glasgow Bombay

Calcutta Madras Melbourne

New York Toronto Capetown

HUMPHREY MILFORD

PUBLISHER TO THE

UNIVERSITY

F 823.91

G. 61 C

15546

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY HEADLEY BROTHERS
109 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 ; AND ASHFORD, KENT

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INTRODUCTION

“ AND what are you reading, Miss —— ? ” “ Oh, it is only a novel ! ” replies the young lady ; while she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame. “ It is only *Cecilia*, or *Camilla*, or *Belinda* ” ; or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its vanities, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language.’ Thus wrote Jane Austen in an essay in criticism which became a novel—not for the first time in the annals of English literature.¹ This little Imaginary Conversation makes a good text for any study of the evolution of novel writing and novel reading in England. It shows first of all how comparatively recently has the novel attained the respectability and importance that it enjoys today, when it provides one of the most powerful influences over public opinion. It is now ‘ only a novel ’ that serious writers like Galsworthy use to launch satires on the fabric of society, that is favoured by reformers like H. G. Wells, when they want to propagate a new social or religious gospel. In the present-day novel, in short, are employed (to use Miss Austen’s words) the greatest powers of our greatest minds.

¹ *Northanger Abbey*, ch. vi (1818), v. Cf. Fielding’s *Joseph Andrews* (1742), evolved from a parody of Richardson’s *Pamela* (1740).

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Miss Austen notes also how the novel affords scope for exhibiting 'the most thorough knowledge of human nature'. The full-dress novel is after all but the successor of the epic in poetry: the *Iliad*, Chaucer's *Troilus* and Fielding's *Tom Jones* are genealogically akin. And it is characteristic of the epic, whether prose or verse, that it gives time and space to its author to write about and about his theme. The stage directions of the drama are enlarged and elaborated; its background changes from a mere painted scene to living figures portrayed 'in the round'. Ample scope is provided to digress and regress, to retreat from the subject, so to speak, to show it thus in perspective, and then to make a fresh and more understanding approach. In fact the epic may well have no subject proper, only life, the contact of character with character. Moreover, the prose epic has this great advantage over its older poetic counterpart: it need not concern itself chiefly with the heroes of mankind. It can find its material in the lives of ordinary men and women.

Neither need the prose epic be definitely 'tragic' or 'comic'. Actually the blending of the two spirits, much in the way that Shakespeare liked to blend them in his plays, is a marked feature of the English novel. There is, for example, scarcely a more 'tragic' thing in literature than the close of Thackeray's *The Newcomes*. Yet, viewed as a whole, the novel is brimful of comedy, of the vanities of human nature, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour. Such a mixture is natural to a form which aims to portray human life realistically. Comedy in particular

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thrives on vanities, the foibles of the educated and sophisticated. And dramatic imagination, the power to put one's self in another's place, is drawn almost inevitably on to the perception and expression of humour, the sense which can sympathize with and appreciate conflicting points of view.

Of the six novels from which excerpts are printed in this book, perhaps *The Newcomes* is as good an example as any in the language of the epic in prose, with plenty of room for characterization and digression. As someone has remarked, Thackeray's is a life-sized world. Nor does the author hesitate to interrupt the narrative with his own voice, critical or moralizing. The pathetic ending of the story has already been referred to, and this has been censored as a piece of laboured sentimentalism. In its place, however, the scene rings true. And it is the veritable note of tragedy, the spiritual triumph of human character confronted and seemingly defeated by overwhelming odds.

The Pickwick Papers, from which the second extract is made, exemplifies the biographical, episodic kind of novel. It is really a collection of short stories, integrated, however, by the vitality of the characters. The methods of character-drawing used respectively by Thackeray and Dickens have often been contrasted, and in favour of the former. Dickens is said to dwell more on outward appearance, on expressive tricks of language in particular; Thackeray to 'work from within', to display greater powers of psychological analysis. Yet the characters of Dickens, caricatures if you will, capture the mind. They seem to possess

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a survival-power greater than that of any other author's fictitious creations. Dickens is still a best-seller wherever English is spoken.

The third piece is from Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. This may be taken to represent the mystery romance type of novel, and as a forerunner of the thriller and the detective story, the two kinds 'featured' nowadays on all our bookstalls. Such works are only beginning to achieve a sort of respectability. Yet there is no reason why the melodramatic or the crime story, for all their dependence on the mechanics of plot, should not be as artistically finished, or even as fully characterized, as any other kind. And Stevenson's novel is certainly a finished essay in this *genre*.

Next of the extracts come pieces from another pair of authors often contrasted in their outlook and methods—Wells the optimist and Galsworthy the pessimist, as their oppositeness might be summarily defined. Galsworthy's preoccupation with one class, namely the upper middle class of England, is also commonly contrasted with Wells's delineation of the ordinary man, the 'man in the street'. Wells is, ideologically, first of all a propagandist. But his dramatic imagination and sense of humour can almost always resolve the mass of platform stuff he has in mind to convey. Equally certain is Galsworthy's chief motive that of satire. But he, too, has an amazing gift for vitalizing his characters.

Last of our list comes Constance Holme, an author until lately scarcely recognized, but now not only a best-seller, but well established in the esteem of our

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soundest critics. (It is perhaps noteworthy that her books have been admitted in her life time to the jealously guarded ranks of the 'World's Classics'.) Miss Holme, to some extent like Galsworthy, and to a greater extent like Thomas Hardy, seems almost to take a defeatist view of human existence, as though life were a morbid affair at best. It is as though she were gifted with a sort of second sight, in virtue of which she sees through the trappings and dressings, that mean so much in our petty human drama, to the nakedness beneath. Like Hardy again, she finds tradition and heritage sound bases for literature, and the earth ultimately very close to the only knowable heaven.

It is clear that the novel as a kind admits of almost infinite variety. Differentiation according to subject, the romantic, the realist, the historical, the quasi-historical aiming at verisimilitude, the episodic, the biographic, the satiric, the propagandist, the detective, the melodramatic, and so forth—becomes more and more indefinite and unprofitable. One feels tempted rather to try and subdivide modern fiction according to the ideologies of the writers, as expressed in their stories. But even this proves unworkable. For our values to-day, in matters of society and religion, for example, seem all shifting and unstable; ours is a very different sort of world from that of Dickens and Thackeray.

What features then can we look for as characterizing the good novel of any kind? Is the good *story* still an essential ingredient? It seems clear that the story need not be told along the old conventional lines,

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complication of plot followed by dénouement. Today it is the romantics only, including the 'police-romantics', who tend to keep to the old tradition of a set plot and its unravelment. The realists, and these comprise the greater number of those now experimenting with the novel form, show a tendency to slur the actual story. A good example of a successful and most artistically managed 'entertainment' with little or no plot is Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*.

There is of course the criterion of style, referred to by Jane Austen—the great powers of the mind are to be conveyed 'in the best chosen language'. This is a safe and useful standard of judgement, one not to be forgotten in confronting the crowd of ill-written rubbish masquerading as fiction to-day. But it is a standard that does not carry us far, and is not peculiar to criticism of the novel form.

Finally remains the criterion of artistry—the oneness of the picture drawn, be it sketch or mighty canvas. Even here we do not expect a mechanical integration, for the only 'unity' worth the true artist's while is that derived from carefully hidden workmanship and from a mature philosophy of life.

Many thinkers are appalled by the enormous spate of modern fiction, and the waste of intellectual energy it seems to connote. Like an overwhelming tide come these new novels, thousands upon thousands every year, swamping our minds at a time when the necessity for strictly scientific knowledge was never more insistent. Some well-meaning reformers would indeed abolish all fiction as a waste of time. Some would prefer perhaps to contrive instead a sort of

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gigantic encyclopædia-machine on wheels, a single million-paged volume to serve as ' universal educator ' to mankind from birth to death—' Book ' would take the place of books. In our revolt from such a picture, in the relief with which everyone, at times at any rate, turns from the scientific schooling of our intellects, we discover some clue to the mysterious lure of the mere story, loved by all the world.

R.C.G.

Caversham

May 1937

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE extracts from R. L. Stevenson, the late John Galsworthy, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Miss Constance Holme, are reprinted respectively from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (by permission of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne) ; *Fraternity* (by permission of William Heinemann, Ltd.) ; *Mr. Britling sees it Through* (by permission of Mr. H. G. Wells and W. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd.) ; *The Old Road from Spain* (by permission of Miss Constance Holme and the Oxford University Press). The biographical summaries which precede the first five sections of the Notes are taken by permission from *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*.

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
—THE NEWCOMES

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I

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

—THE NEWCOMES

[THE story is supposed to be told by Arthur Pendennis, 'Pen', an old friend of the Newcome family. Colonel Newcome has returned with a modest fortune derived from his soldiering in India to rejoin his idolized son, Clive, in England. For a time both father and son are able to live in great style, and Clive to begin to fulfil his ambition to become an artist. But the Bundelkund Bank, into which the Colonel has put his savings, goes bankrupt. Meanwhile Clive has fallen in love with his cousin Ethel, who belongs to the wealthy side of the Newcome family. Owing to the opposition of her family, and other accidental reasons, however, Ethel will not marry Clive, though she loves him. So Clive, while still rich, marries Rosa, the beautiful but ineffectual daughter of the scheming self-seeking Mrs. Mackenzie, the 'Campaigner'. Colonel Newcome feels himself bound in honour to shoulder all the liabilities which are a result of the failure of the bank, and in order to reduce his own expenses, has decided—at the point of the story when the following extract begins—to enter himself as a pensioner in the charitable institution, attached to his old school, the 'Hospital' of Grey Friars.]

DINNER WITH THE CAMPAIGNER

I RAN upstairs to prepare our friends for the visit. Clive, his wife, his father, and his mother-in-law, were seated by a dim light in Mrs. Clive's sitting-room. Rosey on

the sofa, as usual ; the little boy on his grandfather's knees.

I hardly made a bow to the ladies, so eager was I to communicate with Colonel Newcome. ' I have just been to your quarters, at Grey Friars, sir,' said I. ' That is ——— '

' You have been to the Hospital, sir ! You need not be ashamed to mention it, as Colonel Newcome is not ashamed *to go there*,' cried out the Campaigner. ' Pray speak in your own language, Clive, unless there is something *not fit* for ladies to hear.' Clive was growling out to me in German that there had just been a terrible scene, his father having, a quarter of an hour previously, let slip the secret about Grey Friars.

' Say at once, Clive ! ' the Campaigner cried, rising in her might, and extending a great strong arm over her helpless child, ' that Colonel Newcome owns that he has gone to live as a pauper in a hospital ! He who has squandered his own money. He who has squandered my money. He who has squandered the money of that darling helpless child—compose yourself, Rosey, my love !—has completed the disgrace of the family, by his present mean and unworthy—yes, I say *mean* and *unworthy* and *degraded* conduct. Oh, my child, my blessed child ! to think that your husband's father should have come to a *workhouse* ! ' Whilst this maternal agony bursts over her, Rosa, on the sofa, bleats and whimpers amongst the faded chintz cushions.

I took Clive's hand, which was cast up to his head striking his forehead with mad impotent rage, whilst this fiend of a woman lashed his good father. The

veins of his great fist were swollen, his whole body was throbbing and trembling with the helpless pain under which he writhed. 'Colonel Newcome's friends, ma'am,' I said, 'think very differently from you ; and that he is a better judge than you, or anyone else, of his own honour. We all, who loved him in his prosperity, love and respect him more than ever for the manner in which he bears his misfortune. Do you suppose that his noble friend, the Earl of H——, would have counselled him to a step unworthy of a gentleman ; that the Prince de Montcontour would applaud his conduct as he does, if he did not think it admirable ? ' I can hardly say with what scorn I used this argument, or what depth of contempt I felt for the woman whom I knew it would influence. ' And at this minute,' I added, ' I have come from visiting the Grey Friars with one of the colonel's relatives, whose love and respect for him is boundless ; who longs to be reconciled to him, and who is waiting below, eager to shake his hand, and embrace Clive's wife.'

' Who is that ? ' says the colonel, looking gently up, as he pats Boy's head.

' Who is it, Pen ? ' says Clive. I said in a low voice, ' Ethel ' ; and starting up and crying, ' Ethel ! Ethel ! ' he ran from the room.

Little Mrs. Rosa started up too on her sofa, clutching hold of the table-cover with her lean hand, and the two red spots on her cheeks burning more fiercely than ever. I could see what passion was beating in that poor little heart. Heaven help us ! what a resting-place had friends and parents prepared for it !

' Miss Newcome, is it ? My darling Rosa, get on your

shawl ! ' cried the Campaigner, a grim smile lighting her face.

' It is Ethel : Ethel is my niece. I used to love her when she was quite a little girl,' says the colonel patting Boy on the head ; ' and she is a very good, beautiful little child—a very good child.' The torture had been too much for that kind old heart : there were times when Thomas Newcome passed beyond it. What still maddened Clive, excited his father no more ; the pain yonder woman inflicted, only felled and stupefied him.

As the door opened, the little white-headed child trotted forward towards the visitor, and Ethel entered on Clive's arm, who was as haggard and pale as death. Little Boy, looking up at the stately lady, still followed beside her, as she approached her uncle, who remained sitting, his head bent to the ground. His thoughts were elsewhere. Indeed he was following the child, and about to caress it again.

' Here is a friend, father ! ' says Clive, laying a hand on the old man's shoulder. ' It is I, Ethel, uncle ! ' the young lady said, taking his hand, and kneeling down between his knees, she flung her arms round him, and kissed him, and wept on his shoulder. His consciousness had quite returned ere an instant was over. He embraced her with the warmth of his old affection, uttering many brief words of love, kindness, and tenderness, such as men speak when strongly moved.

The little boy had come wondering up to the chair whilst this embrace took place, and Clive's tall figure bent over the three. Rosa's eyes were not good to look at, as she stared at the group with a ghastly smile. Mrs. Mackenzie surveyed the scene in haughty state,

from behind the sofa cushions. She tried to take one of Rosa's lean hot hands. The poor child tore it away, leaving her rings behind her ; lifted her hands to her face : and cried—cried as if her little heart would break. Ah me ! what a story was there ; what an outburst of pent-up feeling ! what a passion of pain ! The ring had fallen to the ground ; the little boy crept towards it, and picked it up, and came towards his mother, fixing on her his large wondering eyes. ' Mamma crying. Mamma's ring ! ' he said, holding up the circle of gold. With more feeling than I had ever seen her exhibit, she clasped the boy in her wasted arms. Great Heaven ! what passion, jealousy, grief, despair, were tearing and trying all these hearts, that but for Fate might have been happy ?

Clive went round, and with the utmost sweetness and tenderness hanging round his child and wife, soothed her with words of consolation, that in truth I scarce heard, being ashamed almost of being present at this sudden scene. No one, however, took notice of the witnesses ; and even Mrs. Mackenzie's voice was silent for the moment. I dare say Clive's words were incoherent ; but women have more presence of mind ; and now Ethel, with a noble grace which I cannot attempt to describe, going up to Rosa, seated herself by her, spoke of her long grief at the differences between her dearest uncle and herself ; of her early days, when he had been as a father to her ; of her wish, her hope that Rosa should love her as a sister ; and of her belief that better days and happiness were in store for them all. And she spoke to the mother about her boy so beautiful and intelligent, and told her how she had

brought up her brother's children, and hoped that this one too would call her aunt Ethel. She would not stay now, might she come again? Would Rosa come to her with her little boy? Would he kiss her? He did so with a very good grace; but when Ethel at parting embraced the child's mother, Rosa's face wore a smile ghastly to look at, and the lips that touched Ethel's cheeks were quite white.

'I shall come and see you again to-morrow, uncle, may I not? I saw your room to-day, sir, and your housekeeper; such a nice old lady, and your black gown. And you shall put it on to-morrow, and walk with me, and show me the beautiful old buildings of the old hospital. And I shall come and make tea for you, the housekeeper says I may. Will you come down with me to my carriage? No, Mr. Pendennis must come'; and she quitted the room, beckoning me after her. 'You will speak to Clive now, won't you,' she said, 'and come to me this evening, and tell me all before you go to bed?' I went back, anxious in truth to be the messenger of good tidings to my dear old friends.

Brief as my absence had been, Mrs. Mackenzie had taken advantage of that moment again to outrage Clive and his father, and to announce that Rosa might go to see this Miss Newcome, whom people respected because she was rich, but whom *she* would never visit; no, never! 'An insolent, proud, impertinent thing! Does she take me for a housemaid?' Mrs. Mackenzie had inquired. 'Am I dust to be trampled beneath her feet? Am I a dog that she can't throw me a word?' Her arms were stretched out, and she was making this

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inquiry as to her own canine qualities as I re-entered the room, and remembered that Ethel had never once addressed a single word to Mrs. Mackenzie in the course of her visit.

I affected not to perceive the incident, and presently said that I wanted to speak to Clive in his studio. Knowing that I had brought my friend one or two commissions for drawings, Mrs. Mackenzie was civil to me, and did not object to our colloquies.

‘ Will you come too, and smoke a pipe, father ? ’ says Clive.

‘ *Of course* your father intends to stay to *dinner* ? ’ says the Campaigner, with a scornful toss of her head. Clive groaned out as we were on the stair, ‘ that he could not bear this much longer, by Heavens, he could not.’

‘ Give the colonel his pipe, Clive,’ said I. ‘ Now, sir, down with you in the sitter’s chair, and smoke the sweetest cheroot you ever smoked in your life ! My dear, dear old Clive ! you need not bear with the Campaigner any longer ; you may go to bed without this nightmare to-night if you like ; you may have your father back under your roof again.’

‘ My dear Arthur ! I must be back at ten, sir, back at ten, military time ; drum beats ; no—bell tolls at ten, and gates close ’ ; and he laughed and shook his old head. ‘ Besides, I am to see a young lady, sir ; and she is coming to make tea for me, and I must speak to Mrs. Jones to have all things ready—all things ready ’ ; and again the old man laughed as he spoke.

His son looked at him and then at me with eyes full of sad meaning. ‘ How do you mean, Arthur,’ Clive

said, ' that he can come and stay with me, and that that woman can go ? '

Then feeling in my pocket for Mr. Luce's letter, I grasped my dear Clive by the hand and bade him prepare for good news. I told him how providentially, two days since, Ethel, in the library at Newcome, looking into Orme's *History of India*, a book which old Mrs. Newcome had been reading on the night of her death, had discovered a paper, of which the accompanying letter enclosed a copy, and I gave my friend the letter.

He opened it, and read it through. I cannot say that I saw any particular expression of wonder in his countenance, for somehow, all the while Clive perused this document, I was looking at the colonel's sweet kind face. ' It—it is Ethel's doing,' said Clive, in a hurried voice. ' There was no such letter.'

' Upon my honour,' I answered, ' there was. We came up to London with it last night, a few hours after she had found it. We showed it to Sir Barnes Newcome who—who could not disown it. We took it to Mr. Luce, who recognized it at once, who was old Mrs. Newcome's man of business, and continues to be the family lawyer, and the family recognizes the legacy and has paid it, and you may draw for it to-morrow, as you see. What a piece of good luck it is that it did not come before the B.B.C. time. That confounded Bundelcund Bank would have swallowed up this, like all the rest.'

' Father ! father ! do you remember Orme's *History of India* ? ' cries Clive.

' Orme's *History* ! of course I do : I could repeat

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whole pages of it when I was a boy,' says the old man, and began forthwith. ' " The two battalions advanced against each other cannonading, until the French, coming to a hollow way, imagined that the English would not venture to pass it. But Major Lawrence ordered the sepoy's and artillery—the sepoy's and artillery to halt and defend the convoy against the Morattoes "—Morattoes Orme calls 'em. Ho ! ho ! I could repeat whole pages, sir.'

' It is the best book that ever was written,' calls out Clive. The colonel said he had not read it, but he was informed Mr. Mill's was a very learned history ; he intended to read it. ' Eh ! there is plenty of time now,' said the good colonel. ' I have all day long at Grey Friars,—after chapel, you know. Do you know, sir, when I was a boy I used what they call to tib out and run down to a public-house in Cistercian Lane—" The Red Cow ", sir,—and buy rum there ? I was a terrible wild boy, Clivy. You weren't so, sir, thank Heaven. A terrible wild boy, and my poor father flogged me, though I think it was very hard on me. It wasn't the pain, you know : it wasn't the pain, but ' Here tears came into his eyes and he dropped his head on his hand, and the cigar from it fell on to the floor, burnt almost out, and scattering white ashes.

Clive looked sadly at me. ' He was often so at Boulogne, Arthur,' he whispered ; ' after a scene with that—that woman yonder, his head would go : he never replied to her taunts ; he bore her infernal cruelty without an unkind word—oh ! I can pay her back, thank God I can pay her ! But who shall pay

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her,' he said, trembling in every limb, ' for what she has made that good man suffer ? '

He turned to his father, who still sat lost in his meditations. ' You need never go back to Grey Friars, father ! ' he cried out.

' Not go back, Clivy ? Must go back, boy, to say Adsum when my name is called—Newcome ! Adsum ! Hey ! that is what we used to say—we used to say ! '

' You need not go back, except to pack your things, and return and live with me and Boy,' Clive continued, and he told Colonel Newcome rapidly the story of the legacy. The old man seemed hardly to comprehend it. When he did, the news scarcely elated him ; when Clive said, ' they could now pay Mrs. Mackenzie,' the colonel replied, ' quite right, quite right ', and added up the sum principal and interest, in which they were indebted to her—he knew it well enough, the good old man. ' Of course we shall pay her, Clivy, when we can ! ' But in spite of what Clive had said he did not appear to understand the fact, that the debt to Mrs. Mackenzie was now actually to be paid.

As we were talking, a knock came to the studio door, and that summons was followed by the entrance of the maid, who said to Clive, ' If you please, sir, Mrs. Mackenzie says, how long are you a-going to keep the dinner waiting ? '

' Come, father, come to dinner ! ' cries Clive, ' and, Pen, you will come too, won't you ? ' he added ; ' it may be the last time you dine in such pleasant company. Come along,' he whispered hurriedly, ' I should like you to be there, it will keep her tongue quiet.' As we proceeded to the dining-room, I gave the colonel

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my arm ; and the good man prattled to me something about Mrs. Mackenzie having taken shares in the Bundelcund Banking Company, and about her not being a woman of business, and fancying we had spent her money. ' And I have always felt a wish that Clivy should pay her, and he will pay her, I know he will,' says the colonel, ' and then we shall lead a quiet life, Arthur ; for, between ourselves, some women are the deuce when they are angry, sir.' And again he laughed, as he told me this sly news, and he bowed meekly his gentle old head as we entered the dining-room.

That apartment was occupied by little Boy already seated in his high chair, and by the Campaigner only, who stood at the mantelpiece in a majestic attitude. On parting with her, before we adjourned to Clive's studio, I had made my bow and taken my leave in form, not supposing that I was about to enjoy her hospitality yet once again. My return did not seem to please her. ' Does Mr. Pendennis favour us with his company to dinner again, Clive ? ' she said, turning to her son-in-law. Clive curtly said, Yes, he had asked Mr. Pendennis to stay.

' You might at least have been *so kind* as to give me notice,' says the Campaigner, still majestic, but ironical. ' You will have but a poor meal, Mr. Pendennis ; and one such as I am not accustomed to give my guests.'

' Cold beef ! what the deuce does it matter ? ' says Clive, beginning to carve the joint, which, hot, had served our yesterday's Christmas table.

' It *does* matter, sir ! I am not accustomed to treat my guests in this way. Maria ! who has been cutting that beef ? Three pounds of that beef have been cut

away since one o'clock to-day,' and with flashing eyes, and a finger twinkling all over with rings, she pointed towards the guilty joint.

Whether Maria had been dispensing secret charities, or kept company with an occult policeman, partial to roast beef, I do not know ; but she looked very much alarmed, and said, Indeed, and indeed, mum, she had not touched a morsel of it !—not she.

' Confound the beef ! ' says Clive, carving on.

' She *has* been cutting it ! ' cries the Campaigner, bringing her fist down with a thump upon the table. ' Mr. Pendennis ! you saw the beef yesterday ; eighteen pounds it weighed, and this is what comes up of it ! As if there was not already ruin enough in the house ! '

' D——n the beef ! ' cries out Clive.

' No ! no ! Thank God for our good dinner ! Benedicti Benedicamus, Clivy, my boy,' says the colonel, in a tremulous voice.

' Swear on, sir ! let the child hear your oaths ! Let my blessed child, who is too ill to sit at table and picks her bit of sweetbread on her sofa,—which her poor mother *prepares* for her, Mr. Pendennis,—which I cooked it, and gave it to her with *these hands*,—let *her* hear your curses and blasphemies, Clive Newcome ! They are loud enough.'

' Do let us have a quiet life,' groans out Clive, and for me, I confess, I kept my eyes steadily down upon my plate, nor dared to lift them, until my portion of cold beef had vanished.

No further outbreak took place, until the appearance of the second course ; which consisted, as the ingenious

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reader may suppose, of the plum-pudding, now in a grilled state, and the remanent mince-pies from yesterday's meal. Maria, I thought, looked particularly guilty, as these delicacies were placed on the table ; she set them down hastily, and was for operating an instant retreat.

But the Campaigner shrieked after her, ' Who has eaten that pudding ? I insist upon knowing who has eaten it. I saw it at two o'clock when I went down to the kitchen and fried a bit for my darling child, and there's pounds of it gone since then ! There were five mince-pies ! Mr. Pendennis ! you saw yourself there were five went away from table yesterday—where's the other two, Maria ? You leave the house this night, you thieving, wicked wretch—and I'll thank you to come back to me afterwards for a character. Thirteen servants have we had in nine months, Mr. Pendennis, and this girl is the worst of them all, and the greatest liar and the greatest thief.'

At this charge the outraged Maria stood up in arms, and as the phrase is, gave the Campaigner as good as she got. Go ! wouldn't she go ? Pay her her wages, and let her go out of that 'ell upon hearth, was Maria's prayer. ' It isn't you, sir,' she said, turning to Clive. ' You are good enough, and works hard enough to git the guineas which you give out to pay that doctor ; and she *don't* pay him—and I see five of them in her purse wrapped up in paper, myself I did, and she abuses you to him—and I heard her, and Jane Black, who was here before, told me she heard her. Go ! won't I just go, I despises your puddens and pies ! ' and with a laugh of scorn this rude Maria snapped

her black fingers in the immediate vicinity of the Campaigner's nose.

'I will pay her her wages, and she shall go this instant!' says Mrs. Mackenzie, taking her purse out.

'Pay me with them suvverings that you have got in it, wrapped up in paper. See if she haven't, Mr. Newcome,' the refractory waiting-woman cried out, and again she laughed a strident laugh.

Mrs. Mackenzie briskly shut her porte-monnaie, and rose up from table, quivering with indignant virtue. 'Go!' she exclaimed, 'go and pack your trunks this instant! you quit the house this night, and a policeman shall see to your boxes before you leave it!'

Whilst uttering this sentence against the guilty Maria, the Campaigner had intended, no doubt, to replace her purse in her pocket,—a handsome filigree gimcrack of poor Rosa's, one of the relics of former splendours,—but, agitated by Maria's insolence, the trembling hand missed the mark, and the purse fell to the ground.

Maria dashed at the purse in a moment, with a scream of laughter shook its contents upon the table, and sure enough, five little packets wrapped in paper rolled out upon the cloth, besides bank notes and silver and gold coin. 'I'm to go? am I? I'm a thief, am I?' screamed the girl, clapping her hands. 'I sor 'em yesterday when I was a-lacing of her; and thought of that pore young man working night and day to get the money;—me a thief, indeed!—I despise you, and I give you warning.'

'Do you wish to see me any longer insulted by this woman, Clive? Mr. Pendennis, I am shocked that you

should witness such horrible vulgarity,' cries the Campaigner, turning to her guest. 'Does the wretched creature suppose that I, I who have given *thousands*, I who have denied myself *everything*, I who have spent my *all* in support of this house ; and Colonel Newcome *knows* whether I have given thousands or not, and *who* has spent them, and *who* has been robbed, I say, and . . .'

'Here ! you ! Maria ! go about your business,' shouted out Clive Newcome, starting up ; 'go and pack your trunks if you like, and pack this woman's trunks too. Mrs. Mackenzie, I can bear you no more ; go in peace, and if you wish to see your daughter she shall come to you ; but I will never, so help me God ! sleep under the same roof with you ; or break the same crust with you ; or bear your infernal cruelty ; or sit to hear my father insulted ; or listen to your wicked pride and folly more. There has not been a day since you thrust your cursed foot into our wretched house, but you have tortured one and all of us. Look here, at the best gentleman, and the kindest heart in all the world, you fiend ! and see to what a condition you have brought him ! Dearest father ! she is going, do you hear ? She leaves us, and you will come back to me, won't you ? Great God, woman,' he gasped out, 'do you know what you have made me suffer—what you have done to this good man ? Pardon, father, pardon,'—and he sank down by his father's side, sobbing with passionate emotion. The old man even now did not seem to comprehend the scene. When he heard that woman's voice in anger, a sort of stupor came over him.

'I am a *fiend*, am I ?' cries the lady. 'You hear,

Mr. Pendennis, this is the language to which I am accustomed ; I am a widow, and I trusted my child and my all to that old man ; he robbed me and my darling of almost every farthing we had ; and what has been my return for such baseness ? I have lived in this house and toiled like a *slave* ; I have acted as servant to my blessed child ; night after night I have sat with her ; and month after month, when *her husband* has been away, I have nursed that poor innocent ; and the father having robbed me, the son turns me out of doors ! ’

A sad thing it was to witness, and a painful proof how frequent were these battles, that, as this one raged, the poor little boy sat almost careless, whilst his bewildered grandfather stroked his golden head. ‘ It is quite clear to me, madam,’ I said, turning to Mrs. Mackenzie, ‘ that you and your son-in-law are better apart ; and I came to tell him to-day of a most fortunate legacy, which has just been left to him, and which will enable him to pay you to-morrow morning every shilling, every shilling which he does NOT owe you.’

‘ I will not leave this house until I am paid every shilling of which I have been robbed,’ hissed out Mrs. Mackenzie ; and she sat down folding her arms across her chest.

‘ I am sorry,’ groaned out Clive, wiping the sweat off his brow, ‘ I used a harsh word ; I will never sleep under the same roof with you. To-morrow I will pay you what you claim ; and the best chance I have of forgiving you the evil which you have done me, is that we never should meet again. Will you give me a bed at your house, Arthur ? Father, will you come out and walk ?

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Good night, Mrs. Mackenzie ; Pendennis will settle with you in the morning. You will not be here, if you please, when I return ; and so God forgive you, and farewell.'

Mrs. Mackenzie in a tragic manner dashed aside the hand which poor Clive held out to her, and disappeared from the scene of this dismal dinner. Boy presently fell a-crying ; in spite of all the battle and fury, there was sleep in his eyes.

' Maria is too busy, I suppose, to put him to bed,' said Clive, with a sad smile ; ' shall we do it, father ? Come Tommy, my son ! ' and he folded his arms round the child, and walked with him to the upper regions. The old man's eyes lighted up ; his scared thoughts returned to him : he followed his two children up the stairs, and saw his grandson in his little bed ; and, as we walked home with him, he told me how sweetly Boy said Our Father, and prayed God bless all those who loved him, as they laid him to rest.

So these three generations had joined in that supplication : the strong man, humbled by trial and grief, whose loyal heart was yet full of love ;—the child, of the sweet age of those little ones whom the Blessed Speaker of the prayer first bade to come unto Him ;—and the old man, whose heart was well nigh as tender and as innocent ; and whose day was approaching, when he should be drawn to the bosom of the Eternal Pity.

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CHARLES DICKENS
—THE PICKWICK PAPERS

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II

CHARLES DICKENS

—THE PICKWICK PAPERS

[*The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, to give this novel of Charles Dickens its full title, was first issued in serial form in twenty monthly parts, from April 1836 to November 1837. The book chronicles the adventures of an antiquarians' club, in particular those of its founder and chairman, the illustrious Samuel Pickwick, Esquire. Mr. Pickwick's gaitered legs, twinkling spectacled eyes, short rotund body, his eloquence and kindliness, his pugnacity and indignation in distress—all the lines in fact of this wonderful imaginary portrait are well known to all who pretend to any knowledge of English fiction. Round him are grouped his friends and fellow club-members: stout Mr. Tracy Tupman, whose heart is so easily overcome; the poetic Mr. Snodgrass; and Nathaniel Winkle, the would-be sportsman. In the background, among the host of characters encountered in this novel, there is the familiar spirit of Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick's servant, hovering beneficently over his master. The ostensible purpose of the journeying of the Pickwickians is to observe and report their experiences of men and manners—a conveniently loose frame for the kind of book Dickens wished to write. So we have adventures on stage coaches, at inns, stories of dupings and queer friendships, imprisonments and citings at court—all the variety and animated colour of Victorian English life.]

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

THE birds, who, happily for their own peace of mind and personal comfort, were in blissful ignorance of the preparations which had been making to astonish them on the first of September, hailed it no doubt, as one of the pleasantest mornings they had seen that season. Many a young partridge who strutted complacently among the stubble, with all the finicking coxcombry of youth, and many an older one who watched his levity out of his little round eye, with the contemptuous air of a bird of wisdom and experience, alike unconscious of their approaching doom, basked in the fresh morning air with lively and blithesome feelings, and a few hours afterwards were laid low upon the earth. But we grow affecting : let us proceed.

In plain common-place matter-of-fact, then, it was a fine morning—so fine that you would scarcely have believed that the few months of an English summer had yet flown by. Hedges, fields, and trees, hill and moorland, presented to the eye their ever-varying shades of deep rich green ; scarce a leaf had fallen, scarce a sprinkle of yellow mingled with the hues of summer, warned you that autumn had begun. The sky was cloudless, the sun shone out bright and warm ; the songs of birds, and hum of myriads of summer insects, filled the air ; and the cottage gardens, crowded with flowers of every rich and beautiful tint, sparkled, in the heavy dew, like beds of glittering jewels. Everything bore the stamp of summer, and none of its beautiful colours had yet faded from the dye.

Such was the morning, when an open carriage, in which were three Pickwickians (Mr. Snodgrass having preferred to remain at home), Mr. Wardle and Mr. Trundle, with Sam Weller on the box beside the driver, pulled up by a gate at the roadside, before which stood a tall, raw-boned gamekeeper, and a half-booted, leather-leggined boy : each bearing a bag of capacious dimensions, and accompanied by a brace of pointers.

‘ I say,’ whispered Mr. Winkle to Wardle, as the man let down the steps, ‘ they don’t suppose we’re going to kill game enough to fill those bags, do they ? ’

‘ Fill them ! ’ exclaimed old Wardle. ‘ Bless you, yes ! You shall fill one, and I the other ; and when we’ve done with them, the pockets of our shooting-jackets will hold as much more.’

Mr. Winkle dismounted without saying anything in reply to this observation ; but he thought within himself, that if the party remained in the open air, until he had filled one of the bags, they stood a considerable chance of catching colds in their heads.

‘ Hi, Juno, lass—hi, old girl ; down, Daph, down,’ said Wardle, caressing the dogs. ‘ Sir Geoffrey still in Scotland, of course, Martin ? ’

The tall gamekeeper replied in the affirmative, and looked with some surprise from Mr. Winkle, who was holding his gun as if he wished his coat pocket to save him the trouble of pulling the trigger, to Mr. Tupman, who was holding his as if he were afraid of it—as there is no earthly reason to doubt he really was.

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‘ My friends are not much in the way of this sort of thing yet, Martin,’ said Wardle, noticing the look. ‘ Live and learn, you know. They’ll be good shots one of these days. I beg my friend Winkle’s pardon, though ; he has had some practice.’

Mr. Winkle smiled feebly over his blue neckerchief in acknowledgement of the compliment, and got himself so mysteriously entangled with his gun, in his modest confusion, that if the piece had been loaded, he must inevitably have shot himself dead upon the spot.

‘ You musn’t handle your piece in that ’ere way, when you come to have the charge in it, sir,’ said the tall gamekeeper, gruffly, ‘ or I’m damned if you won’t make cold meat of some on us.’

Mr. Winkle, thus admonished, abruptly altered its position, and in so doing, contrived to bring the barrel into pretty sharp contact with Mr. Weller’s head.

‘ Hallo ! ’ said Sam, picking up his hat, which had been knocked off, and rubbing his temple. ‘ Hallo, sir ! if you comes it this vay, you’ll fill one o’ them bags, and something to spare, at one fire.’

Here the leather-leggined boy laughed very heartily, and then tried to look as if it was somebody else, whereat Mr. Winkle frowned majestically.

‘ Where did you tell the boy to meet us with the snack, Martin ? ’ inquired Wardle.

‘ Side of One-tree Hill, at twelve o’clock, sir.’

‘ That’s not Sir Geoffrey’s land, is it ? ’

‘ No, sir ; but it’s close by it. It’s Captain Boldwig’s land ; but there’ll be nobody to interrupt us, and there’s a fine bit of turf there.’

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‘ Very well,’ said old Wardle. ‘ Now the sooner we’re off the better. Will you join us at twelve, then, Pickwick ? ’

Mr. Pickwick was particularly desirous to view the sport, the more especially as he was rather anxious in respect of Mr. Winkle’s life and limbs. On so inviting a morning, too, it was very tantalizing to turn back, and leave his friends to enjoy themselves. It was, therefore, with a very rueful air that he replied.

‘ Why, I suppose I must.’

‘ An’t the gentleman a shot, sir ? ’ inquired the long gamekeeper.

‘ No,’ replied Wardle ; ‘ and he’s lame besides.’

‘ I should very much like to go,’ said Mr. Pickwick, ‘ very much.’

There was a short pause of commiseration.

‘ There’s a barrow t’other side the hedge,’ said the boy. ‘ If the gentleman’s servant would wheel along the paths, he could keep nigh us, and we could lift it over the stiles, and that.’

‘ The wery thing,’ said Mr. Weller, who was a party interested, inasmuch as he ardently longed to see the sport. ‘ The wery thing. Well said, Smallcheek ; I’ll have it out in a minute.’

But here a difficulty arose. The long gamekeeper resolutely protested against the introduction into a shooting party, of a gentleman in a barrow, as a gross violation of all established rules and precedents.

It was a great objection, but not an insurmountable one. The gamekeeper having been coaxed and feed, and having, moreover, eased his mind by ‘ punching ’ the head of the inventive youth who had first suggested

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the use of the machine, Mr. Pickwick was placed in it, and off the party set: Wardle and the long game-keeper leading the way, and Mr. Pickwick in the barrow, propelled by Sam, bringing up the rear.

'Stop, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick, when they had got half across the first field.

'What's the matter now?' said Wardle.

'I won't suffer this barrow to be moved another step,' said Mr. Pickwick, resolutely, 'unless Winkle carries that gun of his, in a different manner.'

'How *am* I to carry it?' said the wretched Winkle.

'Carry it with the muzzle to the ground,' replied Mr. Pickwick.

'It's so unsportsman-like,' reasoned Winkle.

'I don't care whether it's unsportsman-like or not,' replied Mr. Pickwick; 'I am not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow, for the sake of appearances, to please anybody.'

'I know the gentleman 'll put that 'ere charge into somebody afore he's done,' growled the long man.

'Well, well—I don't mind,' said poor Winkle, turning his gun-stock uppermost—'there.'

'Anythin' for a quiet life,' said Mr. Weller; and on they went again.

'Stop!' said Mr. Pickwick, after they had gone a few yards farther.

'What now?' said Wardle.

'That gun of Tupman's is not safe; I know it isn't,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'Eh? What! not safe?' said Mr. Tupman, in a tone of great alarm.

‘ Not as you are carrying it,’ said Mr. Pickwick. ‘ I am very sorry to make any further objection, but I cannot consent to go on, unless you carry it as Winkle does his.’

‘ I think you had better, sir,’ said the long game-keeper, ‘ or you’re quite as likely to lodge the charge in yourself as in anything else.’

Mr. Tupman, with the most obliging haste, placed his piece in the position required, and the party moved on again ; the two amateurs marching with reversed arms, like a couple of privates at a royal funeral.

The dogs suddenly came to a dead stop, and the party advancing stealthily a single pace, stopped too.

‘ What’s the matter with the dogs’ legs ? ’ whispered Mr. Winkle. ‘ How queer they’re standing.’

‘ Hush, can’t you ? ’ replied Wardle, softly. ‘ Don’t you see, they’re making a point ? ’

‘ Making a point ! ’ said Mr. Winkle, staring about him, as if he expected to discover some particular beauty in the landscape, which the sagacious animals were calling special attention to. ‘ Making a point ! What are they pointing at ? ’

‘ Keep your eyes open,’ said Wardle, not heeding the question in the excitement of the moment. ‘ Now then.’

There was a sharp whirring noise, that made Mr. Winkle start back as if he had been shot himself. Bang, bang, went a couple of guns—the smoke swept quickly away over the field, and curled into the air.

‘ Where are they ? ’ said Mr. Winkle, in a state of the highest excitement, turning round and round in all directions. ‘ Where are they ? Tell me when to fire. Where are they—where are they ? ’

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‘Where are they?’ said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet. ‘Why, here they are.’

‘No, no; I mean the others,’ said the bewildered Winkle.

‘Far enough off, by this time,’ replied Wardle, coolly reloading his gun.

‘We shall very likely be up with another covey in five minutes,’ said the long gamekeeper. ‘If the gentleman begins to fire now, perhaps he’ll just get the shot out of the barrel by the time they rise.’

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ roared Mr. Weller.

‘Sam,’ said Mr. Pickwick, compassionating his follower’s confusion and embarrassment.

‘Sir.’

‘Don’t laugh.’

‘Certainly not, sir.’ So, by way of indemnification, Mr. Weller contorted his features from behind the wheelbarrow, for the exclusive amusement of the boy with the leggings, who thereupon burst into a boisterous laugh, and was summarily cuffed by the long gamekeeper, who wanted a pretext for turning round, to hide his own merriment.

‘Bravo, old fellow!’ said Wardle to Mr. Tupman; ‘you fired that time, at all events.’

‘Oh yes,’ replied Mr. Tupman, with conscious pride. ‘I let it off.’

‘Well done. You’ll hit something next time, if you look sharp. Very easy, ain’t it?’

‘Yes, it’s very easy,’ said Mr. Tupman. ‘How it hurts one’s shoulder, though. It nearly knocked

me backwards, I had no idea these small fire-arms kicked so.'

'Ah,' said the old gentleman, smiling; 'you'll get used to it in time. Now then—all ready—all right with the barrow there?'

'All right, sir,' replied Mr. Weller.

'Come along then.'

'Hold hard, sir,' said Sam, raising the barrow.

'Aye, aye,' replied Mr. Pickwick; and on they went, as briskly as need be.

'Keep that barrow back now,' cried Wardle when it had been hoisted over a stile into another field, and Mr. Pickwick had been deposited in it once more.

'All right, sir,' replied Mr. Weller, pausing.

'Now, Winkle,' said the old gentleman, 'follow me softly, and don't be too late this time.'

'Never fear,' said Mr. Winkle. 'Are they pointing?'

'No, no; not now. Quietly now, quietly.' On they crept, and very quietly they would have advanced, if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally fired, at the most critical moment, over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

'Why, what on earth did you do that for?' said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

'I never saw such a gun in my life,' replied poor Mr. Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good. 'It goes off of its own accord. It *will* do it.'

'Will do it!' echoed Wardle, with something of irritation in his manner. 'I wish it would kill something of its own accord.'

'It'll do that afore long, sir,' observed the tall man, in a low, prophetic voice.

'What do you mean by that observation, sir?' inquired Mr. Winkle, angrily.

'Never mind, sir, never mind,' replied the long game-keeper; 'I've no family myself, sir; and this here boy's mother will get something handsome from Sir Geoffrey, if he's killed on his land. Load again, sir, load again.'

'Take away his gun,' cried Mr. Pickwick from the barrow, horror-stricken at the long man's dark insinuations. 'Take away his gun, do you hear, somebody?'

Nobody, however, volunteered to obey the command; and Mr. Winkle, after darting a rebellious glance at Mr. Pickwick, reloaded his gun, and proceeded onwards with the rest.

We are bound, on the authority of Mr. Pickwick, to state, that Mr. Tupman's mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation, than that adopted by Mr. Winkle. Still, this by no means detracts from the great authority of the latter gentleman, on all matters connected with the field; because, as Mr. Pickwick beautifully observes, it has somehow or other happened, from time immemorial, that many of the best and ablest philosophers, who have been perfect lights of science in matters of theory, have been wholly unable to reduce them to practice.

Mr. Tupman's process, like many of our most sublime discoveries, was extremely simple. With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius, he had at once observed that the two great points to be attained were—first, to discharge his piece without injury to himself,

and, secondly, to do so, without danger to the bystanders ;—obviously, the best thing to do, after surmounting the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly, and fire into the air.

On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge in the act of falling wounded to the ground. He was on the point of congratulating Mr. Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced towards him, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

‘Tupman,’ said the old gentleman, ‘you singled out that particular bird?’

‘No,’ said Mr. Tupman—‘no.’

‘You did,’ said Wardle. ‘I saw you do it—I observed you pick him out—I noticed you, as you raised your piece to take aim ; and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this, than I thought you, Tupman ; you have been out before.’

It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial that he never had. The very smile was taken as evidence to the contrary ; and from that time forth, his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily, nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge-shooting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle flashed, and blazed, and smoked away, without producing any material results worthy of being noted down ; sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and at others sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground as to place the

lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure. As a display of fancy shooting, it was extremely varied and curious ; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, perhaps a failure. It is an established axiom, that ' every bullet has its billet '. If it apply in an equal degree to shot, those of Mr. Winkle were unfortunate foundlings, deprived of their natural rights, cast loose upon the world, and billeted nowhere.

' Well,' said Wardle, walking up to the side of the barrow, and wiping the streams of perspiration from his jolly red face ; ' smoking day, isn't it ? '

' It is, indeed,' replied Mr. Pickwick. ' The sun is tremendously hot, even to me. I don't know how you must feel it.'

' Why,' said the old gentleman, ' pretty hot. It's past twelve, though. You see that green hill there ? '

' Certainly.'

' That's the place where we are to lunch ; and, by Jove, there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clockwork ! '

' So he is,' said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up. ' Good boy, that. I'll give him a shilling, presently. Now, then, Sam, wheel away.'

' Hold on, sir,' said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. ' Out of the way, young leathers. If you walley my precious life don't upset me, as the gen'l'm'n said to the driver when they was a carryin' him to Tyburn.' And quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master nimbly to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very

side of the basket, and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost dispatch.

'Weal pie,' said Mr. Weller, soliloquising, as he arranged the eatables on the grass. 'Wery good thing is weal pie. Tongue; well that's a wery good thing when it ain't a woman's. Bread—knuckle o' ham, reg'lar picter—cold beef in slices, wery good. What's in them stone jars, young touch-and-go?'

'Beer in this one,' replied the boy, taking from his shoulder a couple of large stone bottles, fastened together by a leathern strap—'cold punch in t'other.'

'And a wery good notion of a lunch it is, take it altogether,' said Mr. Weller, surveying his arrangement of the repast with great satisfaction. 'Now, gen'l'm'n, "fall on", as the English said to the French when they fixed bagginets.'

It needed no second invitation to induce the party to yield full justice to the meal; and as little pressing did it require to induce Mr. Weller, the long game-keeper, and the two boys, to station themselves on the grass, at a little distance, and do good execution upon a decent proportion of the viands. An old oak afforded a pleasant shelter to the group, and a rich prospect of arable and meadow land, intersected with luxuriant hedges, and richly ornamented with wood, lay spread out before them.

'This is delightful—thoroughly delightful!' said Mr. Pickwick, the skin of whose expressive countenance was rapidly peeling off, with exposure to the sun.

'So it is: so it is, old fellow,' replied Wardle. 'Come; a glass of punch!'

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‘ With great pleasure,’ said Mr. Pickwick ; the satisfaction of whose countenance, after drinking it, bore testimony to the sincerity of the reply.

‘ Good,’ said Mr. Pickwick, smacking his lips. ‘ Very good. I’ll take another. Cool ; very cool. Come, gentlemen,’ continued Mr. Pickwick, still retaining his hold upon the jar, ‘ a toast. Our friends at Dingley Dell.’

The toast was drunk with loud acclamations.

‘ I’ll tell you what I shall do, to get up my shooting again,’ said Mr. Winkle, who was eating bread and ham with a pocket-knife. ‘ I’ll put a stuffed partridge on the top of a post, and practise at it, beginning at a short distance, and lengthening it by degrees. I understand it’s capital practice.’

‘ I know a gen’l’mán, sir,’ said Mr. Weller, ‘ as did that, and begun at two yards ; but he never tried it on agin ; for he blowed the bird right clean away at the first fire, and nobody ever seed a feather on him arterwards.’

‘ Sam,’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘ Sir,’ replied Mr. Weller.

‘ Have the goodness to reserve your anecdotes till they are called for.’

‘ Cert’nly, sir.’

Here Mr. Weller winked the eye which was not concealed by the beer-can he was raising to his lips with such exquisiteness, that the two boys went into spontaneous convulsions, and even the long man condescended to smile.

‘ Well that certainly is most capital cold punch,’ said Mr. Pickwick, looking earnestly at the stone bottle ;

‘ and the day is extremely warm, and—Tupman, my dear friend, a glass of punch ? ’

‘ With the greatest delight,’ replied Mr. Tupman ; and having drank that glass, Mr. Pickwick took another, just to see whether there was any orange peel in the punch, because orange peel always disagreed with him ; and finding that there was not, Mr. Pickwick took another glass to the health of their absent friend, and then felt himself imperatively called upon to propose another in honour of the punch-compounder, unknown.

This constant succession of glasses produced considerable effect upon Mr. Pickwick ; his countenance beamed with the most sunny smiles, laughter played around his lips, and good-humoured merriment twinkled in his eye. Yielding by degrees to the influence of the exciting liquid, rendered more so by the heat, Mr. Pickwick expressed a strong desire to recollect a song which he had heard in his infancy, and the attempt proving abortive, sought to stimulate his memory with more glasses of punch, which appeared to have quite a contrary effect ; for, from forgetting the words of the song, he began to forget how to articulate any words at all ; and finally, after rising to his legs to address the company in an eloquent speech, he fell into the barrow, and fast asleep, simultaneously.

The basket having been repacked, and it being found perfectly impossible to awaken Mr. Pickwick from his torpor, some discussion took place whether it would be better for Mr. Weller to wheel his master back again, or to leave him where he was, until they should all be ready to return. The latter course was at length

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decided on ; and as the further expedition was not to exceed an hour's duration, and as Mr. Weller begged very hard to be one of the party, it was determined to leave Mr. Pickwick asleep in the barrow, and to call for him on their return. So away they went, leaving Mr. Pickwick snoring most comfortably in the shade.

That Mr. Pickwick would have continued to snore in the shade until his friends came back, or, in default thereof, until the shades of evening had fallen on the landscape, there appears no reasonable cause to doubt ; always supposing that he had been suffered to remain there in peace. But he was *not* suffered to remain there in peace. And this was what prevented him.

Captain Boldwig was a little fierce man in a stiff black neckerchief and blue surtout, who, when he did condescend to walk about his property, did it in company with a thick rattan stick with a brass ferrule, and a gardener and sub-gardener with meek faces, to whom (the gardeners, not the stick) Captain Boldwig gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity : for Captain Boldwig's wife's sister had married a Marquis, and the Captain's house was a villa, and his land 'grounds', and it was all very high, and mighty, and great.

Mr. Pickwick had not been asleep half an hour when little Captain Boldwig, followed by the two gardeners, came striding along as fast as his size and importance would let him ; and when he came near the oak tree, Captain Boldwig paused, and drew a long breath, and looked at the prospect as if he thought the prospect ought to be highly gratified at having him to take

notice of it ; and then he struck the ground emphatically with his stick, and summoned the head-gardener.

‘ Hunt,’ said Captain Boldwig.

‘ Yes, sir,’ said the gardener.

‘ Roll this place to-morrow morning—do you hear, Hunt ? ’

‘ Yes, sir.’

‘ And take care that you keep me this place in good order—do you hear, Hunt ? ’

‘ Yes, sir.’

‘ And remind me to have a board done about trespassers, and spring guns, and all that sort of thing, to keep the common people out. Do you hear, Hunt ; do you hear ? ’

‘ I’ll not forget it, sir.’

‘ I beg your pardon, sir,’ said the other man, advancing, with his hand to his hat.

‘ Well, Wilkins, what’s the matter with *you* ? ’ said Captain Boldwig.

‘ I beg your pardon, sir—but I think there have been trespassers here to-day.’

‘ Ha ! ’ said the Captain, scowling around him.

‘ Yes, sir—they have been dining here, I think, sir.’

‘ Why, confound their audacity, so they have,’ said Captain Boldwig, as the crumbs and fragments that were strewn upon the grass met his eye. ‘ They have actually been devouring their food here. I wish I had the vagabonds here ! ’ said the Captain, clenching the thick stick.

‘ I wish I had the vagabonds here,’ said the Captain, wrathfully.

‘ Beg your pardon, sir,’ said Wilkins, ‘ but— ’

CHARLES DICKENS

‘ But what ? Eh ? ’ roared the Captain ; and following the timid glance of Wilkins, he eyes encountered the wheelbarrow and Mr. Pickwick.

‘ Who are you, you rascal ? ’ said the Captain, administering several pokes to Mr. Pickwick’s body with the thick stick. ‘ What’s your name ? ’

‘ Cold punch,’ murmured Mr. Pickwick, as he sunk to sleep again.

‘ What ? ’ demanded Captain Boldwig.

No reply.

‘ What did he say his name was ? ’ asked the Captain.

‘ Punch, I think, sir,’ replied Wilkins.

‘ That’s his impudence, that’s his confounded impudence,’ said Captain Boldwig. ‘ He’s only feigning to be asleep now,’ said the Captain, in a high passion. ‘ He’s drunk ; he’s a drunken plebeian. Wheel him away, Wilkins, wheel him away directly.’

‘ Where shall I wheel him to, sir ? ’ inquired Wilkins, with great timidity.

‘ Wheel him to the Devil,’ replied Captain Boldwig.

‘ Very well, sir,’ said Wilkins.

‘ Stay,’ said the Captain.

Wilkins stopped accordingly.

‘ Wheel him,’ said the Captain, ‘ wheel him to the Pound ; and let us see whether he calls himself Punch when he comes to himself. He shall not bully me, he shall not bully me. Wheel him away.’

Away Mr. Pickwick was wheeled in compliance with this imperious mandate ; and the great Captain Boldwig, swelling with indignation, proceeded on his walk.

Inexpressible was the astonishment of the little party when they returned, to find that Mr. Pickwick had disappeared, and taken the wheelbarrow with him. It was the most mysterious and unaccountable thing that was ever heard of. For a lame man to have got upon his legs without any previous notice, and walked off, would have been most extraordinary ; but when it came to his wheeling a heavy barrow before him, by way of amusement, it grew positively miraculous. They searched every nook and corner round, together and separately ; they shouted, whistled, laughed, called—and all with the same result. Mr. Pickwick was not to be found. After some hours of fruitless search, they arrived at the unwelcome conclusion that they must go home without him.

Meanwhile Mr. Pickwick had been wheeled to the Pound, and safely deposited therein, fast asleep in the wheelbarrow, to the immeasurable delight and satisfaction, not only of all the boys in the village, but three-fourths of the whole population, who had gathered round, in expectation of his waking. If their most intense gratification had been excited by seeing him wheeled in, how many hundredfold was their joy increased when, after a few indistinct cries of ‘ Sam ! ’ he sat up in the barrow, and gazed with indescribable astonishment on the faces before him.

A general shout was of course the signal of his having woke up ; and his involuntary inquiry of ‘ What’s the matter ? ’ occasioned another, louder than the first, if possible.

‘ Here’s a game ! ’ roared the populace.

‘ Where am I ? ’ exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

CHARLES DICKENS

‘ In the Pound,’ replied the mob.

‘ How came I here ? What was I doing ? Where was I brought from ? ’

‘ Boldwig ! Captain Boldwig ! ’ was the only reply.

‘ Let me out,’ cried Mr. Pickwick. ‘ Where’s my servant ? Where are my friends ? ’

‘ You an’t got no friends. Hurrah ! ’ Then there came a turnip, then a potato, and then an egg : with a few other little tokens of the playful disposition of the many-headed.

How long this scene might have lasted, or how much Mr. Pickwick might have suffered, no one can tell, had not a carriage, which was driving swiftly by, suddenly pulled up, from whence there descended old Wardle and Sam Weller, the former of whom, in far less time than it takes to write it, if not to read it, had made his way to Mr. Pickwick’s side, and placed him in the vehicle, just as the latter had concluded the third and last round of a single combat with the town-beadle.

‘ Run to the Justice’s ! ’ cried a dozen voices.

‘ Ah, run away,’ said Mr. Weller, jumping up on the box. ‘ Give my compliments—Mr. Veller’s compliments—to the Justice, and tell him I’ve spiled his beadle, and that, if he’ll sveal in a new ’un, I’ll come back agin to-morrow and spile him. Drive on, old feller.’

‘ I’ll give directions for the commencement of an action for false imprisonment against this Captain Boldwig, directly I get to London,’ said Mr. Pickwick, as soon as the carriage turned out of the town.

‘ We were trespassing, it seems,’ said Wardle.

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‘ I don’t care,’ said Mr. Pickwick, ‘ I’ll bring the action.’

‘ No, you won’t,’ said Wardle.

‘ I will, by— ’ but as there was a humorous expression in Wardle’s face, Mr. Pickwick checked himself, and said : ‘ Why not ? ’

‘ Because,’ said old Wardle, half-bursting with laughter, ‘ because they might turn round on some of us, and say we had taken too much cold punch.’

Do what he would, a smile would come into Mr. Pickwick’s face ; the smile extended into a laugh ; the laugh into a roar ; the roar became general.

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
—DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

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III

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

—DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

[THE story opens with a conversation between Mr. Utterson, the lawyer, and his friend Enfield. Enfield and Utterson are fellow-explorers of the great city of London, and in the course of a Sunday walk, Mr. Enfield relates to Utterson a recent experience that befell him. He had been returning from some duty in the early hours of the morning, when the deserted streets rang and echoed to the footsteps of the few abroad. The silence had, perhaps, keyed his nerves to straining pitch and it was in a strained apprehensive mood that he perceived a child and a man approaching one another. The child, a little girl, was running, she collided with the man, and fell, and the man, to Mr. Enfield's horror, trampled on her body as he went on his way. The inhuman simplicity of the act, as that of an automaton who neither heard nor cared for the child's screams, appalled the onlooker. So we hear for the first time, of Mr. Hyde, who has access to the great Dr. Jekyll's house and is able to present his cheque as hush-money for the disgraceful scene. Hyde is a small man, indescribably evil in appearance yet with no distinguishing feature. It is sufficient that all who come into contact with him are filled with loathing. To Mr. Utterson this tale of Mr. Enfield's is particularly disquieting and the reason is plain to see in the chosen extract. That Jekyll, big and kindly and important in the medical world, should be closely associated with Hyde, that he should be troubled

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and secretive and yet plead for the man, fills Mr. Utterson with misgiving, but he pledges his word, under pressure from the doctor, and however difficult and distasteful the task, to see that Mr. Hyde receives the full benefit of the will.

Time passes, and a terrible crime is committed. Mr. Hyde becomes a murderer and disappears, but the police are certain he will return for money. Dr. Jekyll is sure that Hyde has gone for ever and is glad to be rid of his evil associate. He is not left in peace long, for with Hyde's return to the Doctor's house, the story draws to its terrible and dramatic climax, with the death of both Jekyll and Hyde, who are in fact one and the same individual.]

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

THAT evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits, and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph ; for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it ; it provided not only that, in

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case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his ' friend and benefactor Edward Hyde ' ; but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's ' disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months', the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay, and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation ; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes ; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

' I thought it was madness,' he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe ; ' and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.'

With that he blew out his candle, put on a great coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. ' If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon,' he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him ; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct

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from the door to the dining-room, where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye ; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and, what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

' I suppose, Lanyon,' said he, ' you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has ? '

' I wish the friends were younger,' chuckled Dr. Lanyon. ' But I suppose we are. And what of that ? I see little of him now.'

' Indeed ! ' said Utterson. ' I thought you had a bond of common interest.'

' We had,' was the reply. ' But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind ; and though, of course, I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash,' added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, ' would have estranged Damon and Pythias.'

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. ' They have only differed on some

point of science,' he thought ; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing) he even added : ' It is nothing worse than that ! ' He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put.

' Did you ever come across a *protégé* of his—one Hyde ? ' he asked.

' Hyde ? ' repeated Lanyon. ' No. Never heard of him. Since my time.'

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone ; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved ; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city ; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly ; then of a child running from the doctor's ; and then these met, and that human juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams ; and then the door of that room would be opened, the

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curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and, lo ! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night ; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamp-lighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it : even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes ; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference of bondage (call it which you please), and even for the startling clauses of the will. And at least it would be a face worth seeing : the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy : a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of

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solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

‘ If he be Mr. Hyde,’ he had thought. ‘ I shall be Mr. Seek.’

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night ; frost in the air, the streets as clean as a ballroom floor ; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o’clock, when the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary, and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far ; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway ; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post when he was aware of an odd, light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a very great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested ; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small, and very plainly dressed ; and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher’s inclination. But he made

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straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time ; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket, like one approaching home.

Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. ' Mr. Hyde, I think ? '

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of breath. But his fear was only momentary ; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough : ' That is my name. What do you want ? '

' I see you are going in,' returned the lawyer. ' I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's—Mr. Utterson, of Gaunt Street—you must have heard my name ; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me.'

' You will not find Dr. Jekyll ; he is from home,' replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, ' How did you know me ? ' he asked.

' On your side,' said Mr. Utterson, ' will you do me a favour ? '

' With pleasure,' replied the other. ' What shall it be ? '

' Will you let me see your face ? ' asked the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate ; and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance ; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. ' Now I shall know you again,' said Mr. Utterson. ' It may be useful.'

' Yes,' returned Mr. Hyde, ' it is as well we have met ; and *à propos*, you should have my address.' And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

' Good God ! ' thought Mr. Utterson, ' can he too

have been thinking of the will ? ' But he kept his feelings to himself, and only grunted in acknowledgement of the address.

' And now,' said the other, ' how did you know me ? '

' By description,' was the reply.

' Whose description ? '

' We have common friends,' said Mr. Utterson.

' Common friends,' echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely. ' Who are they ? '

' Jekyll, for instance,' said the lawyer.

' He never told you,' cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger. ' I did not think you would have lied.'

' Come,' said Mr. Utterson, ' that is not fitting language.'

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh ; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two, and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish ; he gave an impression of deformity without any namable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice, all these were points against him ; but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. ' There

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must be something else,' said the perplexed gentleman. 'There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend.'

Round the corner from the by-street there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate, and let in flats and chambers, to all sorts and conditions of men: map-engravers, architects, shady lawyers, and the agents of obscure enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied entire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now plunged in darkness except for the fan-light, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant opened the door.

'Is Dr. Jekyll at home, Poole?' asked the lawyer.

'I will see, Mr. Utterson,' said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke, into a large, low-roofed, comfortable hall, paved with flags, warmed (after the fashion of a country house) by a bright, open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. 'Will you wait here by the fire, sir? or shall I give you a light in the dining-room?'

'Here, thank you,' said the lawyer; and he drew near and leaned on the tall fender. This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his friend

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the doctor's ; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But to-night there was a shudder in his blood ; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory ; he felt (what was rare with him) a nausea and distaste of life ; and in the gloom of his spirits, he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the fire-light on the polished cabinets and the uneasy starting of the shadow on the roof. He was ashamed of his relief, when Poole presently returned to announce that Dr. Jekyll was gone out.

' I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting room door, Poole,' he said. ' Is that right, when Dr. Jekyll is from home ? '

' Quite right, Mr. Utterson, sir,' replied the servant. ' Mr. Hyde has a key.'

' Your master seems to repose a great deal of trust in that young man, Poole,' resumed the other, musingly.

' Yes, sir, he do indeed,' said Poole. ' We have all orders to obey him.'

' I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde ? ' asked Utterson.

' O dear no, sir. He never *dines* here,' replied the butler. ' Indeed, we see very little of him on this side of the house ; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory.'

' Well, good-night, Poole.'

' Good-night, Mr. Utterson.'

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. ' Poor Harry Jekyll,' he thought, ' my mind misgives me he is in deep waters ! He was wild when he was young ; a long while ago, to be sure ; but in

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the law of God, here is no statute of limitations. Ah, it must be that ; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace ; punishment coming, *pede claudo*, years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault.' And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of memory, lest by chance some Jack-in-the-Box of an old iniquity should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless ; few men could read the rolls of their life with less apprehension ; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many that he had come so near to doing, yet avoided. And then by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. ' This Master Hyde, if he were studied,' thought he, ' must have secrets of his own : black secrets, by the look of him ; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside ; poor Harry, what a wakening ! And the danger of it ! For if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ah, I must put my shoulder to the wheel—if Jekyll will but let me,' he added, ' if Jekyll will only let me.' For once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as a transparency, the strange clauses of the will.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS
—MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH

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IV

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH

[MR. BRITLING is a distinguished writer and critic, a man of much energy, many enthusiasms, and fine intellectual powers. His home is set in the ideal surroundings of a quiet, country village. It is a home of great comfort but not of ostentatious luxury, and in it, there is freedom, tolerance and good conversation. To the family and their friends, the age-old English customs and background are part of their natural heritage, yet they are not phlegmatic nor entirely ignorant of world progress and world problems. In short, the Dower House holds the best, the essence of pre-war England, when Mr. Direck comes to it. Mr. Direck, an American business man on a visit to England, is charmed by the Britling household. He falls in love with England and with Cecily Corner, whose brother-in-law is Mr. Britling's secretary. There are parties, visits, a masquerade supper, and a hockey match. It is high summer, and in England the air is full of such simple and pleasant things as friendship, good company, and country joys. Then comes the outbreak of the Great War. The house party begins to disperse, the German tutor is recalled to his fatherland, friends enlist, the secretary, leaving wife and child, joins up, and finally, Hugh, the eldest son, only seventeen, decides for duty against inclination. Mr. Britling becomes a special constable, lives through the slow stages of horror attendant upon any war. He finds his way through dazed unbelief, anger, and hatred,

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to understanding, pity, and a belief in the future of mankind. The death of his son strengthens his desire to help on world peace. Writing to the bereft parents of the young German tutor, he says, 'I have got together for you a few snapshots I chance to possess in which you will see him in the sunshine. . . . There is one particularly that I have marked. Our family is lunching out of doors, and you will see that next to your son is a youngster, a year or so his junior, who is touching glasses with him. I have put a cross over his head. He is my eldest son, he was very dear to me, and he too has been killed in the war. They are, you see, smiling very pleasantly at each other.'

With the young secretary miraculously returned from a prison camp, with Mr. Direck, the onlooker, successful in his love, and decided in his philosophy of life, the book closes. We see Mr. Britling, thinking and planning for the future of others, whilst his pen and hand unconsciously writes his son's name—'Hugh, Hugh, My dear Hugh.']

WAR AND GOD

§ I

THERE comes an end to weeping at last, and Letty lay still, in the red light of the sinking sun.

She lay so still that presently a little foraging robin came flirting down to the grass not ten yards away and stopped and looked at her. And then it came a hop or so nearer.

She had been lying in a state of passive abandonment, her swollen wet eyes open, regardless of everything. But those quick movements caught her back to attention. She began to watch the robin, and to note how it glanced sidelong at her and appeared to meditate

further approaches. She made an almost imperceptible movement, and straightway the little creature was in a projecting spray of berried hawthorn overhead.

Her tear-washed mind became vaguely friendly. With an unconscious comfort it focused down to the robin. She rolled over, sat up, and imitated his friendly 'cheep'.

§ 2

Presently she became aware of footsteps rustling through the grass towards her.

She looked over her shoulder and discovered Mr. Britling approaching by the field path. He looked white and tired and listless, even his bristling hair and clipped moustache conveyed his depression; he was dressed in an old tweed knickerbocker suit and carrying a big atlas and some papers. He had an effect of hesitation in his approach. It was as if he wanted to talk to her and doubted her reception for him.

He spoke without any preface. 'Direck has told you?' he said, standing over her.

She answered with a sob.

'I was afraid it was so, and yet I did not believe it,' said Mr. Britling. 'Until now.'

He hesitated as if he would go on, and then he knelt down on the grass a little way from her and seated himself. There was an interval of silence.

'At first it hurts like the devil,' he said at last, looking away at Mertonsome spire and speaking as if he spoke to no one in particular. 'And then it hurts. It goes on hurting. . . . And one can't say much to any one. . . .'

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

He said no more for a time. But the two of them comforted one another, and knew that they comforted each other. They had a common feeling of fellowship and ease. They had been stricken by the same thing; they understood how it was with each other. It was not like the attempted comfort they got from those who had not loved and dreaded. . . .

She took up a little broken twig and dug small holes in the ground with it.

'It's strange,' she said, 'but I'm glad I know for sure.'

'I can understand that,' said Mr. Britling.

'It stops the nightmares. . . . It isn't hopes I've had so much as fears. . . . I wouldn't admit he was dead or hurt. Because— I couldn't think it without thinking it—horrible. *Now—*'

'It's final,' said Mr. Britling.

'It's definite,' she said after a pause. 'It's like thinking he's asleep—for good.'

But that did not satisfy her. There was more than this in her mind. 'It does away with the half and half,' she said. 'He's dead or he is alive. . . .'

She looked up at Mr. Britling as if she measured his understanding.

'You don't still doubt?' he said.

'I'm content now in my mind—in a way. He wasn't anyhow there—unless he was dead. But if I saw Teddy coming over the hedge there to me— It would be just natural . . . No, don't stare at me. I know really he is dead. And it is a comfort. It is peace. . . . All the thoughts of him being crushed dreadfully or being mutilated or lying and screaming—

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or things like that—they've gone. He's out of his spoiled body. He's my unbroken Teddy again. . . . Out of sight somewhere . . . Unbroken. . . . Sleeping.'

She resumed her excavation with the little stick, with the tears running down her face.

Mr. Britling presently went on with the talk. 'For me it came all at once, without a doubt or a hope. I hoped until the last that nothing would touch Hugh. And then it was like a black shutter falling—in an instant. . . .'

He considered. 'Hugh, too, seems just round the corner at times. But at times, it's a blank place . . .'

'At times,' said Mr. Britling, 'I feel nothing but astonishment. The whole thing becomes incredible. Just as for weeks after the war began I couldn't believe that a big modern nation could really go to war—seriously—with its whole heart. . . . And they have killed Teddy and Hugh . . .'

'They have killed millions. Millions—who had fathers and mothers and wives and sweethearts . . .'

§ 3

'Somehow I can't talk about this to Edith. It is ridiculous, I know. But in some way, I can't. . . . It isn't fair to her. If I could, I would. . . . Quite soon after we were married I ceased to talk to her. I mean talking really and simply—as I do to you. And it's never come back. I don't know why. . . . And particularly I can't talk to her of Hugh. . . . Little things, little shadows of criticism, but enough to make it impossible. . . . And I go about thinking

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about Hugh, and what has happened to him, sometimes . . . as though I was stifling.'

Letty compared her case.

'I don't want to talk about Teddy—not a word.'

'That's queer. . . . But perhaps—a son is different. Now I come to think of it—I've never talked of Mary. . . . Not to anyone ever. I've never thought of that before. But I haven't. I couldn't. No. Losing a lover, that's a thing for oneself. I've been through that, you see. But a son's more outside you. Altogether. And more your own making. It's not losing a thing *in* you ; it's losing a hope and a pride. . . . Once when I was a little boy I did a drawing very carefully. It took me a long time. . . . And a big boy tore it up. For no particular reason. Just out of cruelty. . . . That—that was exactly like losing Hugh. . . .'

Letty reflected.

'No,' she confessed, 'I'm more selfish than that.'

'It isn't selfish,' said Mr. Britling. 'But it's a different thing. It's less intimate, and more personally important.'

'I have just thought, "He's gone. He's gone." Sometimes, do you know, I have felt quite angry with him. Why need he have gone—so soon?'

Mr. Britling nodded understandingly.

'I'm not angry. I'm not depressed. I'm just bitterly hurt by the ending of something I had hoped to watch—always—all my life,' he said. 'I don't know how it is between most fathers and sons, but I admired Hugh. I found exquisite things in him. I doubt if other people saw them. He was quiet. He seemed clumsy.'

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But he had an extraordinary fineness. He was a creature of the most delicate and rapid responses. . . . These aren't my fond delusions. It was so . . . You know, when he was only a few days old, he would start suddenly at any strange sound. He was alive like an Æolian harp from the very beginning. . . . And his hair when he was born—he had a lot of hair—was like the down on the breast of a bird. I remember that now very vividly—and how I used to like to pass my hand over it. It was silk, spun silk. Before he was two he could talk—whole sentences. He had the subtlest ear. He loved long words. . . . And then,' he said with tears in his voice, 'all this beautiful fine structure, this brain, this fresh life as nimble as water—as elastic as a steel spring, it is destroyed. . . .

'I don't make out he wasn't human. Often and often I have been angry with him, and disappointed in him. There were all sorts of weaknesses in him. We all knew them. And we didn't mind them. We loved him the better. And his odd queer cleverness. . . . And his profound wisdom. And then all this beautiful and delicate fabric, all those clear memories in his dear brain, all his whims, his sudden inventions. . . .

'You know, I have had a letter from his chum Park. He was shot through a loophole. The bullet went through his eye and brow. . . . Think of it!

'An amazement . . . a blow . . . a splat-tering of blood. Rags of tormented skin and brain stuff. . . . In a moment. What had taken eighteen years—love and care. . . .'

He sat thinking for an interval, and then went on,

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‘ The reading and writing alone ! I taught him to read myself—because his first governess, you see, wasn’t very clever. She was a very good methodical sort, but she had no inspiration. So I got up all sorts of methods for teaching him to read. But it wasn’t necessary. He seemed to leap all sorts of difficulties. He leaped to what one was trying to teach him. It was as quick as the movement of some wild animal. . . .

‘ He came into life as bright and quick as this robin looking for food. . . .

‘ And he’s broken up and thrown away. . . .
Like a cartridge-case by the side of a covert. . . .’

He choked and stopped speaking. His elbows were on his knees, and he put his face between his hands and shuddered and became still. His hair was troubled. The end of his stumpy moustache and a little roll of flesh stood out at the side of his hand, and made him somehow twice as pitiful. His big atlas, from which papers projected, seemed forgotten by his side. So he sat for a long time, and neither he nor Letty moved or spoke. But they were in the same shadow. They found great comfort in one another. They had not been so comforted before since their losses came upon them.

§ 4

It was Mr. Britling who broke silence. And when he drew his hands down from his face and spoke, he said one of the most amazing and unexpected things she had ever heard in her life.

‘ The only possible government in Albania,’ he said, looking steadfastly before him down the hillside, ‘ is

a group of republican cantons after the Swiss pattern. I can see no other solution that is not offensive to God. It does not matter in the least what we owe to Serbia or what we owe to Italy. We have got to set this world on a different footing. We have got to set up the world at last—on justice and reason.'

Then, after a pause, 'The Treaty of Bucharest was an evil treaty. It must be undone. Whatever this German King of Bulgaria does, that treaty must be undone and the Bulgarians united again into one people. They must have themselves, whatever punishment they deserve, they must have nothing more, whatever reward they win.'

She could not believe her ears.

'After this precious blood, after this precious blood, if we leave one plot of wickedness or cruelty in the world—'

And therewith he began to lecture Letty on the importance of international politics—to everyone. How he and she and everyone must understand, however hard it was to understand.

'No life is safe, no happiness is safe, there is no chance of bettering life until we have made an end to all that causes war. . . .

'We have to put an end to the folly and vanity of kings, and to any people ruling any people but themselves. There is no convenience, there is no justice in any people ruling any people but themselves; the ruling of men by others, who have not their creeds and their languages and their ignorances and prejudices, that is the fundamental folly that has killed Teddy and Hugh—and these millions. To end that folly is as

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much our duty and business as telling the truth or earning a living. . . .'

'But how can you alter it?'

He held out a finger at her. 'Men may alter anything if they have motive enough and faith enough.'

He indicated the atlas beside him.

'Here I am planning the real map of the world,' he said. 'Every sort of district that has a character of its own must have its own rule; and the great republic of the United States of the World must keep the federal peace between them all. That's the plain sense of life; the federal world-republic. Why do we bother ourselves with loyalties to any other government but that? It needs only that sufficient men should say it, and that republic would be here now. Why have we loitered so long—until these tragic punishments came? We have to map the world out into its states, and plan its government and the way of its tolerations.'

'And you think it will come?'

'It will come.'

'And you believe that men will listen to such schemes?' said Letty.

Mr. Britling, with his eyes far away over the hills, seemed to think. 'Yes,' he said. 'Not perhaps to-day—not steadily. But kings and empires die; great ideas, once they are born, can never die again. In the end this world-republic, this sane government of the world, is as certain as the sunset. Only . . .'

He sighed, and turned over a page of his atlas blindly.

'Only we want it soon. The world is weary of this bloodshed, weary of all this weeping, of this wasting of substance, and this killing of sons and lovers. We

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want it soon, and to have it soon we must work to bring it about. We must give our lives. What is left of our lives. . . .

‘That is what you and I must do, Letty. What else is there left for us to do? . . . I will write of nothing else, I will think of nothing else now but of safety and order. So that all these dear dead—not one of them but will have brought the great days of peace and man’s real beginning nearer, and these cruel things that make men whimper like children, that break down bright lives into despair and kill youth at the very moment when it puts out its clean hands to take hold of life—these cruelties, these abominations of confusion, shall cease from the earth for ever.’

§ 5

Letty regarded him frowning, and with her chin between her fists. . . .

‘But do you really believe,’ said Letty, ‘that things can be better than they are?’

‘But—Yes!’ said Mr. Britling.

‘I don’t,’ said Letty. ‘The world is cruel. It is just cruel. So it will always be.’

‘It need not be cruel,’ said Mr. Britling.

‘It is just a place of cruel things. It is all set with knives. It is full of diseases and accidents. As for God—either there is no God or he is an idiot. He is a slobbering idiot. He is like some idiot who pulls off the wings of flies.’

‘No,’ said Mr. Britling.

‘There is no progress. Nothing gets better. How

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can *you* believe in God after Hugh? *Do you believe in God?*'

'Yes,' said Mr. Britling after a long pause; 'I do believe in God.'

'Who lets these things happen!' She raised herself on her arm and thrust her argument at him with her hand. 'Who kills my Teddy and your Hugh—and millions.'

'No,' said Mr. Britling.

'But he *must* let these things happen. Or why do they happen?'

'No,' said Mr. Britling. 'It is the theologians who must answer that. They have been extravagant about God. They have had silly absolute ideas—that he is all-powerful. That he's omni-everything. But the common sense of men knows better. Every real religious thought denies it. After all, the real God of the Christians is Christ, not God Almighty; a poor mocked and wounded God nailed on a cross of matter. . . . Some day he will triumph. . . . But it is not fair to say that he causes all things now. It is not fair to make out a case against him. You have been misled. It is a theologian's folly. God is not absolute; God is finite. . . . A finite God who struggles in his great and comprehensive way as we struggle in our weak and silly way—who is *with* us—that is the essence of all real religion. . . . I agree with you so— Why! if I thought there was an omnipotent God who looked down on battles and deaths and all the waste and horror of this war—able to prevent these things—doing them to amuse himself—I would spit in his empty face. . . .'

'Anyone would. . . .'

'But it's your teachers and catechisms have set you against God. . . . They want to make out he owns all Nature. And all sorts of silly claims. Like the heralds in the Middle Ages who insisted that Christ was certainly a great gentleman entitled to bear arms. But God is within Nature and necessity. Necessity is a thing beyond God—beyond good and ill, beyond space and time, a mystery everlastingly impenetrable. God is nearer than that. Necessity is the uttermost thing, but God is the innermost thing. Closer he is than breathing and nearer than hands and feet. He is the Other Thing than this world. Greater than Nature or Necessity, for he is a spirit and they are blind, but not controlling them. . . . Not yet. . . .'

'They always told me he was the maker of Heaven and Earth.'

'That's the Jew God the Christians took over. It's a Quack God, a Panacea. It's not my God.'

Letty considered these strange ideas.

'I never thought of him like that,' she said at last. 'It makes it all seem different.'

'Nor did I. But I do now. . . . I have suddenly found it and seen it plain. I see it so plain that I am amazed that I have not always seen it. . . . It is, you see, so easy to understand that there is a God, and how complex and wonderful and brotherly he is, when one thinks of those dear boys who by the thousand, by the hundred thousand, have laid down their lives. . . . Aye, and there were German boys too who did the same. . . . The cruelties, the injustice, the brute aggression—they saw it differently. They

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laid down their lives—they laid down their lives.
. . . Those dear lives, those lives of hope and
sunshine. . . .

‘Don’t you see that it must be like that, Letty?
Don’t you see that it must be like that?’

‘No,’ she said, ‘I’ve seen things differently from
that.’

‘But it’s so plain to me,’ said Mr. Britling. ‘If
there was nothing else in all the world but our kindness
for each other, or the love that made you weep in this
kind October sunshine, or the love I bear Hugh—if there
was nothing else at all—if everything else was cruelty
and mockery and filthiness and bitterness, it would still
be certain that there was a God of love and righteous-
ness. If there were no signs of God in all the world but
the godliness we have seen in those two boys of ours; if
we had no other light but the love we have between
us. . . .

‘You don’t mind if I talk like this?’ said Mr.
Britling. ‘It’s all I can think of now—this God, this
God who struggles, who was in Hugh and Teddy, clear
and plain, and how he must become the ruler of the
world. . . .’

‘This God who struggles,’ she repeated. ‘I have
never thought of him like that.’

‘Of course he must be like that,’ said Mr. Britling.
‘How can God be a Person; how can he be anything
that matters to man, unless he is limited and defined
and—human like ourselves. . . . With things
outside him and beyond him.’

Letty walked back slowly through the fields of stubble to her cottage.

She had been talking to Mr. Britling for an hour, and her mind was full of the thought of this changed and simplified man, who talked of God as he might have done of a bird he had seen or of a tree he had sheltered under. And all mixed up with this thought of Mr. Britling was this strange idea of God who was also a limited person, who could come as close as Teddy, whispering love in the darkness. She had a ridiculous feeling that God really struggled like Mr. Britling, and that with only some indefinable inferiority of outlook Mr. Britling loved like God. She loved him for his maps and his dreams and the bareness of his talk to her. It was strange how the straining thought of the dead Teddy had passed now out of her mind. She was possessed by a sense of ending and beginning, as though a page had turned over in her life and everything was new. She had never given religion any thought but contemptuous thought for some years, since indeed her growing intelligence had dismissed it as a scheme of inexcusable restraints and empty pretences, a thing of discords where there were no discords except of its making. She had been a happy Atheist. She had played in the sunshine, a natural creature with the completest confidence in the essential goodness of the world in which she found herself. She had refused all thought of painful and disagreeable things. Until the bloody paw of war had wiped out all her assurance. Teddy, the playmate, was over, the

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love-game was ended for ever ; the fresh happy acceptance of life as life ; and in the place of Teddy was the sorrow of life, the pity of life, and this coming of God out of utter remoteness into a conceivable relation to her own existence.

She had left Mr. Britling to his atlas. He lay prone under the hedge with it spread before him. His occupation would have seemed to her only a little while ago the absurdest imaginable. He was drawing boundaries on his maps very carefully in red ink, with a fountain pen. But now she understood.

She knew that those red ink lines of Mr. Britling's might in the end prove wiser and stronger than the bargains of the diplomats. . . .

In the last hour he had come very near to her. She found herself full of an unwonted affection for him. She had never troubled her head about her relations with anyone except Teddy before. Now suddenly she seemed to be opening out to all the world for kindness. This new idea of a friendly God, who had a struggle of his own, who could be thought of as kindred to Mr. Britling, as kindred to Teddy—had gripped her imagination. He was behind the autumnal sunshine ; he was in the little bird that had seemed so confident and friendly. Whatever was kind, whatever was tender ; there was God. And a thousand old phrases she had read and heard and given little heed to, that had lain like dry bones in her memory, suddenly were clothed in flesh and became alive. This God—if this was God—then indeed it was not nonsense to say that God was love, that he was a friend and companion. . . . With him it might be possible to face a world

in which Teddy and she would never walk side by side again nor plan any more happiness for ever. After all she had been very happy ; she had had wonderful happiness. She had had far more happiness, far more love, in her short year or so than most people had in their whole lives. And so in the reaction of her emotions, Letty who had gone out with her head full of murder and revenge, came back through the sunset thinking of pity, of the thousand kindnesses and tender-nesses of Teddy that were after all, perhaps, only an intimation of the limitless kindnesses and tenderesses of God. . . . What right had she to a white and bitter grief, self-centred and vindictive, while old Britling could still plan an age of mercy in the earth and a red-gold sunlight that was warm as a smile from Teddy lay on all the world. . . .

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V

JOHN GALSWORTHY

—FRATERNITY

[OLD Mr. Stone's mind has partially failed, but Galsworthy ironically makes him the philosopher of that 'fraternity' which he found so cruelly defeated by the attitude of the English upper middle class towards the 'lower orders' of his day. With this old philosopher of brotherhood live his son-in-law Hilary, and Hilary's wife Bianca, both refined sensitive creatures, chained by the traditions of their class. At the point of the story when the following extract opens, both Bianca and her sister Cecilia are greatly troubled by the interest taken by Hilary in a young girl, an artist's model, employed by Mr. Stone as an amanuensis. The world of the slum folk with whom the model lives is, as it were, paralleled by Galsworthy with that of Hilary and his kind. In fact the central theme of the novel may be held to lie in Mr. Stone's pronouncement: 'Each of us has a shadow in those places, in those streets.' Yet the tradition of the 'best people' to keep aloof from the entanglements of their less fortunate 'brothers' is too strong even for Hilary, estranged though he is from his wife, and in love with the little model.]

IN THOSE DAYS

MR. STONE was writing, attired in his working dress—a thick brown woollen gown, revealing his thin neck above the line of a blue shirt, and tightly gathered

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round the waist with tasselled cord ; the lower portions of grey trousers were visible above woollen-slippered feet. His hair straggled over his thin long ears. The window, wide open, admitted an east wind ; there was no fire. Cecilia shivered.

‘ Come in quickly,’ said Mr. Stone. Turning to a big high desk of stained deal which occupied the middle of one wall, he began methodically to place the inkstand, a heavy paper-knife, a book, and stones of several sizes, on his fluttering sheets of manuscript.

Cecilia looked about her ; she had not been inside her father’s room for several months. There was nothing in it but that desk, a camp bed in the far corner (with blankets, but no sheets), a folding washstand, and a narrow bookcase, the books in which Cecilia unconsciously told off on the fingers of her memory. They never varied.

The walls were whitewashed, and, as Cecilia knew, came off on anybody who leaned against them. The floor was stained, and had no carpet. There was a little gas cooking-stove, with cooking things ranged on it ; a small bare table ; and one large cupboard. No draperies, no pictures, no ornaments of any kind ; but by the window an ancient golden leather chair. Cecilia could never bear to sit in that oasis ; its colour in this wilderness was too precious to her spirit.

‘ It’s an east wind, Father ; aren’t you terribly cold without a fire ? ’

Mr. Stone came from his writing-desk, and stood so that light might fall on a sheet of paper in his hand. Cecilia noted the scent that went about with him of peat and baked potatoes. He spoke :

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'Listen to this: "In the condition of society, dignified in those days with the name of civilization, the only source of hope was the persistence of the quality called courage. Amongst a thousand nerve-destroying habits, amongst the dram-shops, patent medicines, the undigested chaos of inventions and discoveries, while hundreds were prating in their pulpits of things, believed in by a negligible fraction of the population, and thousands writing down to-day what nobody would want to read in two days' time; while men shut animals in cages, and made bears jig to please their children, and all were striving one against the other; while, in a word, like gnats above a stagnant pool on a summer's evening, man danced up and down without the faintest notion why—in this condition of affairs the quality of courage was alive. It was the only fire within that gloomy valley."' He stopped, though evidently anxious to go on, because he had read the last word on that sheet of paper. He moved towards the writing-desk. Cecilia said hastily:

'Do you mind if I shut the window, Father?'

Mr. Stone made a movement of his head, and Cecilia saw that he held a second sheet of paper in his hand. She rose, and, going towards him, said:

'I want to talk to you, Dad!' Taking up the cord of his dressing-gown, she pulled it by its tassel.

'Don't!' said Mr. Stone; 'it secures my trousers.'

Cecilia dropped the cord. 'Father is really terrible!' she thought.

Mr. Stone, lifting the second sheet of paper, began again:

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“ The reason, however, was not far to seek— ”
Cecilia said desperately :

‘ It’s about that girl who comes to copy for you.’

Mr. Stone lowered the sheet of paper, and stood, slightly curved from head to foot ; his ears moved as though he were about to lay them back ; his blue eyes, with little white spots of light alongside the tiny black pupils, stared at his daughter.

Cecilia thought : ‘ He’s listening now.’

She made haste. ‘ *Must* you have her here ? Can’t you do without her ? ’

‘ Without whom ? ’ said Mr. Stone.

‘ Without the girl who comes to copy for you.’

‘ Why ? ’

‘ For this very good reason— ’

Mr. Stone dropped his eyes, and Cecilia saw that he had moved the sheet of paper up as far as his waist.

‘ Does she copy better than any other girl could ? ’ she asked hastily.

‘ No,’ said Mr. Stone.

‘ Then, Father, I do wish, to please me, you’d get someone else. I know what I’m talking about, and I— ’ Cecilia stopped ; her father’s lips and eyes were moving ; he was obviously reading to himself. ‘ I’ve no patience with him,’ she thought ; ‘ he thinks of nothing but his wretched book.’

Aware of his daughter’s silence, Mr. Stone let the sheet of paper sink, and waited patiently again.

‘ What do you want, my dear ? ’ he said.

‘ Oh, Father, do listen just a minute ! ’

‘ Yes, yes.’

‘ It’s about that girl who comes to copy for you. Is there any reason why she should come instead of any other girl ? ’

‘ Yes,’ said Mr. Stone.

‘ What reason ? ’

‘ Because she has no friends.’

So awkward a reply was not expected by Cecilia ; she looked at the floor, forced to search within her soul. Silence lasted several seconds ; then Mr. Stone’s voice rose above a whisper :

‘ “ The reason was not far to seek. Man, differentiated from the other apes by his desire to *know*, was from the first obliged to steel himself against the penalties of knowledge. Like animals subjected to the rigours of an Arctic climate, and putting forth more fur with each reduction in the temperature, man’s hide of courage thickened automatically to resist the spear-thrusts dealt him by his own insatiate curiosity. In those days of which we speak, when undigested knowledge, in a great invading horde, had swarmed all his defences, man, suffering from a foul dyspepsia, with a nervous system in the latest stages of exhaustion, and a reeling brain, survived by reason of his power to go on making courage. Little heroic as (in the then general state of petty competition) his deed appeared to be, there never had yet been a time when man in bulk was more courageous, for there never had yet been a time when he had more need to be. Signs were not wanting that this desperate state of things had caught the eyes of the community. A little sect—” ’ Mr. Stone stopped ; his eyes had again tumbled over the bottom edge ; he moved hurriedly towards the desk. Just

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as his hand removed a stone and took up a third sheet, Cecilia cried out :

‘ Father ! ’

Mr. Stone stopped, and turned towards her. His daughter saw that he had gone quite pink ; her annoyance vanished.

‘ Father ! About that girl— ’

Mr. Stone seemed to reflect. ‘ Yes, yes,’ he said.

‘ I don’t think Bianca likes her coming here.’

Mr. Stone passed his hand across his brow.

‘ Forgive me for reading to you, my dear,’ he said ; ‘ it’s a great relief to me at times.’

Cecilia went close to him, and refrained with difficulty from taking up the tasselled cord.

‘ Of course, dear,’ she said ; ‘ I quite understand that.’

Mr. Stone looked full in her face, and before a gaze which seemed to go through her and see things the other side, Cecilia dropped her eyes.

‘ It is strange,’ he said, ‘ how you came to be my daughter ! ’

To Cecilia, too, this had often seemed a problem.

‘ There is a great deal in atavism,’ said Mr. Stone, ‘ that we know nothing of at present.’

Cecilia cried with heat, ‘ I do wish you would attend a minute, Father ; it’s really an important matter,’ and she turned towards the window, tears being very near her eyes.

The voice of Mr. Stone said humbly : ‘ I will try, my dear.’

But Cecilia thought : ‘ I must give him a good lesson. He is really too self-absorbed ’ ; and she did

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not move, conveying by the posture of her shoulders how gravely she was vexed.

She could see nursemaids wheeling babies towards the Gardens, and noted their faces gazing, not at the babies, but, uppishly, at other nursemaids, or, with a sort of cautious longing, at men who passed. How selfish they looked ! She felt a little glow of satisfaction that she was making this thin and bent old man behind her conscious of his egoism.

‘ He will know better another time,’ she thought. Suddenly she heard a whistling, squeaking sound—it was Mr. Stone whispering the third page of his manuscript : ‘ “ —animated by some admirable sentiments, but whose doctrines—riddled by the fact that life is but the change of form to form—were too constricted for the evils they designed to remedy ; this little sect, who had as yet to learn the meaning of universal love, were making the most strenuous efforts, in advance of the community at large, to understand themselves. The necessary movement which they voiced—reaction against the high-tide of the fratricidal system then prevailing—was young, and had the freshness and honesty of youth. . . . ” ’

Without a word Cecilia turned round and hurried to the door. She saw her father drop the sheet of paper ; she saw his face, all pink and silver, stooping after it ; and remorse visited her anger.

That same afternoon, while Mr. Stone was writing, he heard a voice saying :

‘ Dad, stop writing just a minute, and talk to me.’

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Recognition came into his eyes. It was his younger daughter.

‘ My dear,’ he said, ‘ are you unwell ? ’

Keeping his hand, fragile and veined and chill, under her own warm grasp, Bianca answered : ‘ Lonely.’

Mr. Stone looked straight before him.

‘ Loneliness,’ he said, ‘ is man’s chief fault ’ ; and seeing his pen lying on the desk, he tried to lift his hand. Bianca held it down. At that hot clasp something seemed to stir in Mr. Stone. His cheeks grew pink.

‘ Kiss me, Dad.’

Mr. Stone hesitated. Then his lips resolutely touched her eye. ‘ It is wet,’ he said. He seemed for a moment struggling to grasp the meaning of moisture in connexion with the human eye. Soon his face again became serene. ‘ The heart,’ he said, ‘ is a dark well ; its depth unknown. I have lived eighty years. I am still drawing water.’

‘ Draw a little for me, Dad.’

This time Mr. Stone looked at his daughter anxiously, and suddenly spoke, as if afraid that if he waited he might forget.

‘ You are unhappy ! ’

Bianca put her face down to his tweed sleeve.

‘ How nice your coat smells ! ’ she murmured.

‘ You are unhappy,’ repeated Mr. Stone.

Bianca dropped his hand, and moved away.

Mr. Stone followed her. ‘ Why ? ’ he said. Then, grasping his brow, he added : ‘ If it would do you any good, my dear, to hear a page or two, I could read to you.’

Bianca shook her head.

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‘ No ; talk to me ! ’

Mr. Stone answered simply : ‘ I have forgotten.’

‘ You talk to that little girl,’ murmured Bianca.

Mr. Stone seemed to lose himself in reverie.

‘ If that is true,’ he said, following out his thoughts, ‘ it must be due to the sex instinct not yet quite extinct. It is stated that the blackcock will dance before his females to a great age, though I have never seen it.’

‘ If you dance before *her*,’ said Bianca, with her face averted, ‘ can’t you even talk to me ? ’

‘ I do not dance, my dear,’ said Mr. Stone ; ‘ I will do my best to talk to you.’

There was a silence, and he began to pace the room. Bianca, by the empty fireplace, watched a shower of rain driving past the open window.

‘ This is the time of year,’ said Mr. Stone suddenly, ‘ when lambs leap off the ground with all four legs at a time.’ He paused as though for an answer ; then, out of the silence, his voice rose again—it sounded different : ‘ There is nothing in Nature more symptomatic of that principle which should underlie all life. Live in the future ; regret nothing ; leap ! A lamb which has left earth with all four legs at once is the symbol of true life. That she must come down again is but an inevitable accident. “ In those days men were living on their pasts. They leaped with one, or, at the most, two legs at a time ; they never left the ground, or in leaving, they wished to know the reason why. It was this paralysis ” ’—Mr. Stone did not pause, but, finding himself close beside his desk, took up his pen—‘ “ it was this paralysis of the leaping

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nerve which undermined their progress. Instead of millions of leaping lambs, ignorant of why they leaped, they were a flock of sheep lifting up one leg and asking whether it was or was not worth their while to lift another.' "

The words were followed by a silence, broken only by the scratching of the quill with which Mr. Stone was writing.

Having finished, he again began to pace the room, and coming suddenly on his daughter, stopped short. Touching her shoulder timidly, he said : ' I was talking to you, I think, my dear ; where were we ? '

Bianca rubbed her cheek against his hand.

' In the air, I think.'

' Yes, yes,' said Mr. Stone, ' I remember. You must not let me wander from the point again.'

' No, dear.'

' Lambs,' said Mr. Stone, ' remind me at times of that young girl who comes to copy for me. I make her skip to promote her circulation before tea. I myself do this exercise.' Leaning against the wall, with his feet twelve inches from it, he rose slowly on his toes. ' Do you know that exercise ? It is excellent for the calves of the legs, and for the lumbar regions.' So saying, Mr. Stone left the wall, and began again to pace the room ; the whitewash had also left the wall, and clung in a large square patch on his shaggy coat.

' I have seen sheep in spring,' he said, ' actually imitate their lambs in rising from the ground with all four legs at once.' He stood still. A thought had evidently struck him.

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‘ If Life is not all spring, it is of no value whatsoever ; better to die, and to begin again. Life is a tree putting on a new green gown ; it is a young moon rising—no, that is not so, we do not see the young moon rising—it is a young moon setting, never younger than when we are about to die— ’

Bianca cried out sharply : ‘ Don't, Father ! Don't talk like that ; it's so untrue ! Life is all autumn, it seems to me ! ’

Mr. Stone's eyes grew very blue.

‘ That is a foul heresy,’ he stammered ; ‘ I cannot listen to it. Life is the cuckoo's song ; it is a hill-side bursting into leaf ; it is the wind ; I feel it in me every day ! ’

He was trembling like a leaf in the wind he spoke of, and Bianca moved hastily towards him, holding out her arms. Suddenly his lips began to move ; she heard him mutter : ‘ I have lost force ; I will boil some milk. I must be ready when she comes.’ And at those words her heart felt like a lump of ice.

Always that girl ! And without again attracting his attention she went away. As she passed out through the garden she saw him at the window holding a cup of milk, from which the steam was rising.

The new wine, if it does not break the old bottle, after fierce effervescence seethes and bubbles quietly.

It was so in Mr. Stone's old bottle, hour by hour and day by day, throughout the month. A pinker, robuster look came back to his cheeks ; his blue eyes, fixed on distance, had in them more light ; his knees regained their powers ; he bathed, and, all unknown to him, for

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he only saw the waters he cleaved with his ineffably slow stroke, Hilary and Martin, on alternate weeks, and keeping at a proper distance, for fear he should see them doing him a service, attended at that function in case Mr. Stone should again remain too long seated at the bottom of the Serpentine. Each morning after his cocoa and porridge he could be heard sweeping out his room with extraordinary vigour, and as ten o'clock came near anyone who listened would remark a sound of air escaping, as he moved up and down on his toes in preparation for the labours of the day. No letters, of course, nor any newspapers disturbed the supreme and perfect self-containment of this life devoted to Fraternity—no letters, partly because he lacked a known address, partly because for years he had not answered them ; and with regard to newspapers, once a month he went to a Public Library, and could be seen with the last four numbers of two weekly reviews before him, making himself acquainted with the habits of those days, and moving his lips as though in prayer. At ten each morning anyone in the corridor outside his room was startled by the whirr of an alarum clock ; perfect silence followed ; then rose a sound of shuffling, whistling, rustling, broken by sharply muttered words ; soon from this turbid lake of sound the articulate, thin fluting of an old man's voice streamed forth. This, alternating with the squeak of a quill pen, went on till the alarum clock once more went off. Then he who stood outside could smell that Mr. Stone would shortly eat ; if, stimulated by that scent, he entered, he might see the author of the *Book of Universal Brotherhood* with a baked potato in one

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hand and a cup of hot milk in the other ; on the table, too, the ruined forms of eggs, tomatoes, oranges, bananas, figs, prunes, cheese, and honeycomb, which had passed into other forms already, together with a loaf of wholemeal bread. Mr. Stone would presently emerge in his cottage-woven tweeds, and old hat of green-black felt ; or, if wet, in a long coat of yellow gaberdine, and sou'-wester cap of the same material ; but always with a little osier fruit-bag in his hand. Thus equipped, he walked down to Rose and Thorn's, entered, and to the first man he saw handed the osier fruit-bag, some coins, and a little book containing seven leaves, headed 'Food : Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,' and so forth. He then stood looking through the pickles in some jar or other at things beyond, with one hand held out, fingers upwards, awaiting the return of his little osier fruit-bag. Feeling presently that it had been restored to him, he would turn and walk out of the shop. Behind his back, on the face of the department, the same protecting smile always rose. Long habit had perfected it. All now felt that, though so very different from themselves, this aged customer was dependent on them. By not one single farthing or one pale slip of cheese would they have defrauded him for all the treasures of the moon, and any new salesman who laughed at that old client was promptly told to 'shut his head'.

Mr. Stone's frail form, bent somewhat to one side by the increased gravamen of the osier bag, was now seen moving homewards. He arrived perhaps ten minutes before the three o'clock alarum, and soon passing through preliminary chaos, the articulate, thin fluting

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of his voice streamed forth again, broken by the squeaking and spluttering of his quill.

But towards four o'clock signs of cerebral excitement became visible ; his lips would cease to utter sounds, his pen to squeak. His face, with a flushed forehead, would appear at the open window. As soon as the little model came in sight—her eyes fixed, not on his window, but on Hilary's—he turned his back, evidently waiting for her to enter by the door. His first words were uttered in a tranquil voice : ' I have several pages. I have placed your chair. Are you ready ? Follow ! '

Except for that strange tranquillity of voice and the disappearance of the flush on his brow, there was no sign of the rejuvenescence that she brought, of such refreshment as steals on the traveller who sits down beneath a lime-tree toward the end of a long day's journey ; no sign of the mysterious comfort distilled into his veins by the sight of her moody young face, her young, soft limbs. So from some stimulant men very near their end will draw energy, watching, as it were, a shape beckoning them forward, till suddenly it disappears in darkness.

In the quarter of an hour sacred to their tea and conversation he never noticed that she was always listening for sounds beyond ; it was enough that in her presence he felt singleness of purpose strong within him.

When she had gone, moving languidly, moodily away, her eyes darting about for signs of Hilary, Mr. Stone would sit down rather suddenly and fall asleep, to dream, perhaps, of Youth—Youth with its scent of

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sap, its close beckonings ; Youth with its hopes and fears ; Youth that hovers round us so long after it is dead ! His spirit would smile behind its covering—that thin china of his face ; and, as dogs hunting in their sleep work their feet, so he worked the fingers resting on his woollen knees.

The seven o'clock alarum woke him to the preparation of the evening meal. This eaten, he began once more to pace up and down, to pour words out into the silence, and to drive his squeaking quill.

So was being written a book such as the world had never seen !

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CONSTANCE HOLME
—THE OLD ROAD FROM SPAIN

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VI

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—THE OLD ROAD FROM SPAIN

[THE scene is set in the bleak and hilly County of Westmorland, a district in the north of England. Here, in the reign of Elizabeth, a Spanish galleon was wrecked, the survivors being a flock of sheep and a boy. The boy was adopted by the Huddleston family, at that time yeoman farmers, but four hundred years later lords of the manor of Thorns. The Spanish waif brought with him a persistent strain, for in every second or third generation a Spanish Huddleston, passionate, brilliant, and restless, perpetuated the family legend amidst the solidity of the original North Country stock. Their pasturage on the fells suited the Spanish sheep so well that they, too, thrived and increased, became a family heritage and were introduced into the family coat of arms. The story opens in the present day at the death of two of the English Huddlestons, heirs to the estate. Rowly, the reigning squire, is fifty years of age, a kindly nervous bachelor and king of a very circumscribed kingdom. All conscience, all self-sacrifice, all patience with the petty importances of parish duties, Rowly, though laughed at for his mannerisms, is dearly loved by the whole countryside. At the death of his brothers, his next-of-kin is Luis, youngest of the family by many years, and separated not only by his age and environment, for he was brought up in the South by his grandmother, but alienated, he is a Spanish throwback. Luis had entered the diplomatic service, but a recent illness coinciding with his succession as family heir, brings

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him from Spain to convalesce at Thorns. Rowly welcomes him gladly but Luis, though appreciative of his heritage and his brother's kindness, is fretted by the ties of duty and by the lack of Spanish sunshine and warmth. He feels, as well, an antagonism in Rowly's servants and friends, a peculiar strangeness connected with the sheep and his own Spanish appearance, and his longing for the sea. This he had inherited from his grandfather, Gaspar, for all the Spanish Huddlestons had a seafaring, wandering strain in their blood. Why then, should Luis be prevented, in the subtlest of manners, from visiting the near-by fishing village? Instead, he is confined to social pursuits. He meets his brother's friends, Bill Faucett (Rowly's agent), Julian (likely to be Mrs. Bill Faucett, and daughter of the Garnetts of Roseland), and the Garnetts themselves. Lettice Garnett might once have been Rowly's 'Lady of the House' and mistress of Thorns, but she refused the proposal and now, with the passing of years, she has become a managing, selfish great lady, always inaugurating charitable schemes which are dependent on Rowly's money, time, and patient devotion. The extract chosen deals with such a scene, the last in Rowly's time. After his death, Luis picks up the threads of his brother's life, difficult as it is to one of his temperament. Julian decides that she cannot marry Bill Faucett, for she has grown to care for Luis, so Bill leaves his home and Julian and Luis are bethrothed. Luis overhears an old saying that the curse of the Huddlestons shall be laid by one who 'travels the old road from Spain'. He had, by then, discovered the bay and his grandfather's cottage, the bows of his grandfather's boat built into the cottage that leaned over the sea. He finds, too, an old shipmate of Gaspar Huddleston's and enlists him as a hand when he builds, inevitably, his own yacht. Shortly before his marriage he journeys to Spain to settle his affairs and from

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there he decides to come back by the 'old road', the Armada road. He does so and reaches the entrance to the bay safely, but must anchor for the tide. He is alone, and as the moon rises he becomes one with the spirits of his ancestors, antagonistic to his birthplace and filled with a hatred of England. The tide changes and the boat begins to move while a cloud comes over the moon. His thoughts are happy with his home-coming until he hears the sheep, which have come down to the headland. Then he knows that his fate is decided and that with his death will come the end of the curse. His body is found at the edge of the bay by Bill and by Crane, the family butler, and the sheep wend their way homeward.]

THE SHEEP COME FOR ROWLY

ROWLY was in the library and fast asleep, a thin, curled figure in a cavernous armchair, his lips parted and every muscle relaxed. His smooth hair was very thin on the top, and beside the hollow temples it was white. His well-shaped hands hung loosely over the chair-arm. He was so weary and so sound asleep that even they, those last signallers of nervous strain, had gone off duty for the time.

Luis went in with his silent step, congratulating himself upon having first paused at the door ; but he had barely come to a halt before his brother sat up with a sharp jerk, collecting his wits with an effort that was painful even to see.

' Wanting me, are they, for those dolls ? Of course . . . yes, yes . . . I shouldn't have come away. Don't say I'm too late. I'd counted on giving those

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toys myself. Such jolly little kids—I'd have liked to have seen them smile. I must have been a bit sleepy with the heat, but I'm all right now, if it isn't too late.'

'It is only half-past five.' Luis chose a chair with grave deliberation, and sat down between him and the door. 'Your presentation isn't until six o'clock, so you need not run away yet. I have been commissioned to see that you keep quiet.'

'Lettice?' Rowly looked up quickly, and then down with a rising flush, as if in apology for the presumptuous thought. 'Very kind, I'm sure. Everybody's very kind.' He was sitting on the edge of his chair, with his head bent, and his hands hanging between his knees. 'I'm all right, you know—just a little bit dull; but I've had no end of a jolly sleep.'

'I'm sorry I disturbed you, coming in like that. I wish you'd make another attempt. If I worry you, I can sit on the mat.'

'Oh, my dear fellow! . . . Really, you know! . . . ' Rowly was genuinely shocked. 'And you here to be put upon your feet, and all that! I hope you haven't been neglected during all this rush. Six o'clock did you say?—yes, of course. I think I'd better be getting back.'

'Not yet. I've orders to see that you stay and rest.'

'Orders? Little Julian, I suppose? Not . . . ? No, no. As a matter of fact, I haven't any business to be here at all. Answering questions, you know—that's my job. That is why I must be on the spot. It doesn't much matter about the replies, as long as they get the questions off their chests. Stall-holders and entertainers, newspaper-men and the band—they

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must have somebody they can pin down. Makes things so much jollier all round. They'll worry Lettice, if I don't turn out, and of course I can't have that. Ungentlemanly, you know, to let a lady be bothered in your own house.'

'It isn't your own house, at the present moment. More like an imitation Zoo.'

Rowly's face crinkled sharply into pain.

'It's quite too ridiculous to mind, but it really *hurts*! That turf, you know, with the poles and the holes—it's—it's a *crime*. I once stayed with people who were letting turf run wild which had taken hundreds of years to grow, and I thought they ought to be hanged. *Wanted* it like that, if you could possibly believe! I said it was very jolly, and came away at once. Hosts, you know, so of course one must. And now I'm doing something nearly as bad myself, but Lettice thought it would be a draw. The Mauve Room, too; looks so well on the poster, you see. A wonderful woman—so sensible, you know. Reminded me I meant doing up the Room, in any case, as of course I was. I got Crane to send for patterns from town.' He turned in his chair, looking wistfully at a parcel, labelled 'Liberty', on a table near, and then back again, doubtfully, at his brother's face. 'Jolly things, you know—Liberty patterns. Would you care to have a look? Of course not . . . childish . . . got a career. Besides, I ought to be getting back.'

'Not yet.' Luis spoke with a touch of impatience in his tone. 'There is no real reason why you should ever go back, if it comes to that. You're riding

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your own kind heart to its death, and that's the truth !'

'Can't refuse people, you know.' Rowly looked down at his fingers, twisted nervously together. 'Life's so short, and there's so much to be done, and sometimes there's only an awful ass to do it. It's worth while, though, if only to show other people how much better they could do it if they tried. The start's the thing. The old has-beens at the bottom of the ladder don't count. Anyhow, we've made things jollier for those who are going up higher.'

'But it is all so small !' Luis broke out, his irritation getting the upper hand at last. 'It's such a trivial round. Somebody has to run your absurd little county, I suppose, but there is no need to break yourself on the wheel. Half the time it is just a chatter of useless talk, and driving there and coming back again. You don't think it is life, do you—this petty routine to which you pay an eternal sacrifice of horseflesh and rubber tyres ? And then, your charities—which are worse. What will this affair of to-day have cost you, for example, not only in actual dilapidations and cash, but in the strain on yourself, loss of appetite and sleep and general lack of peace ? And what do you get out of it all ? Of course, you know best as to that, but, as far as I can see, it is little more than casual thanks and the first offer the next time a tiresome job comes along. They put on you all round, and you neither resent it nor resist. You like it, I believe—I'm almost afraid that you're proud ; but I think it makes me slightly ashamed. It hurts me to see my brother going so cheap. You've lived so long in this narrow

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groove that you have lost your sense of proportion, forgotten its proper place in the general scheme ; and in consequence your narrow little groove is squeezing you into a narrow little grave, ever so many years before your time, before you've seen the world as it really is, or grasped in any sense the things it has to give. Now I want you to promise to shelve your county work for a while, together with that lady-like vampire outside, and come abroad with me for a long rest. I can make things interesting for you, if you will give me the honour of showing you round. I know a good many people whom you might care to meet. For God's sake, old man, before it is too late, throw up this ridiculous altruism, and give yourself a chance ! '

There was a long pause after his long speech, while Rowly sat gazing at the floor ; only his drooping hands, working one within the other, giving any sign of life. He was urging his lagging brain to follow his brother's words, that clever brother who had seen and done so much, and was going to see and do ever so much more ; who was young and handsome and popular and travelled, and must of course be wiser than a middle-aged stay-at-home like himself, who had got nothing—nothing at all—out of his fifty-odd years of life. He went through the impatient speech patiently, through the hard names shrinkingly but bravely, trying to be tolerant and just, even though they struck him over the heart. He had never had much opinion of himself and his achievements, and this final depreciation left him staring at both with a vacant wonder, as at something at which even God must laugh. His vague, unanalysed hopes that something of what he had

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called his work would one day blossom and fruit, died before his eyes. His cup of comfort—that the little love he had gathered on his way had made it all worth while—was lightly emptied of its scanty store. His brother was ashamed of him; his patrician brother said that he made himself cheap. His feeling for his fellow-men was ‘ridiculous altruism’, his love for his county merely ‘absurd’. The passion of his life was transformed from a gracious ideal into a monstrosity, gloating over him with brooding wings. This was how Luis saw him and his surroundings, his work, his hopes, his adorations, sacrifices, and rewards. Trivial, every one of them. Out of them all there was not one single pearl of price fit to lay before any throne.

‘Very kind!’ he murmured, at length, still without looking up. ‘Can’t think why you should want to be bothered by such an ass. But one has to go on as one has begun. One doesn’t realize things until it’s too late, and then it’s no use getting upset. I’m awfully sorry if I’ve let you down in any way. It must feel rotten to be ashamed of one’s own brother; you see, that’s never happened to me. John and Tom were such fine lads; and then there’s you, with your looks and your career. If only we’d known each other a bit earlier and a bit better, you could have kept me up to the mark, and prevented me giving myself away, but it’s too late now, as I said. You see, I’m getting rather old . . . don’t you think I’d better be trotting along? I shouldn’t like to miss those dolls.’

He got to his feet uncertainly, and stood looking at his brother, but Luis would not meet his eyes. He

took a few steps across the room towards the Liberty parcel, and then halted again, looking back. He waited a few minutes with a harassed expression on his face, as if seeking for the right words of a parting speech that would leave things comfortable and jolly once more. Twice he took his watch out of his pocket, and stared at it without seeing it in the very least, and still Luis did not move. Then, very slowly, with one last, hungry glance that lingered unhappily from the parcel to the dark, averted head, he went out with a dragging step, leaving the door ajar, as if in the faint hope of being recalled.

The children were drawn up on the lawn by the time he arrived, and presently, before an admiring crowd, he went the round with his arms full of tow heads and many-coloured skirts. The little ones knew him, and grasped at the toys with exclamations and cries, together with wide-eyed smiles for himself. He talked a great deal as he hurried about, seeming, indeed, even more chatty than was his wont, perhaps because of that moment when he had stood, helplessly dumb, at the library door. When the ceremony was over, and the big wagonettes had clattered away down the park, one of those people who are always in the know drew him aside to hint that there would be a by-election before long. He had various candidates to suggest, including—so Rowly's numbing brain gathered, at last—the speaker himself. The master of the house dragged at the heels of his impassioned speech for a period that seemed to have no probable end, now and then breaking free to shake countless hands, to murmur smiling good-byes and slam carriage

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doors ; but always, faithfully, he went back. With an election in view, there would be no chance to get away—not that he had ever really thought of going, of course. As Chairman of the Conservative Association, he must be on the spot, even although it was all absurd, as Luis had said. And after long hours, Lettice came up and took him away to talk about her new project for somebody else's good.

Luis was left alone to review his observations in a divided spirit of shame and amaze. He had been sent to 'spoil' Rowly, to take care of him in spite of himself with firmness and tact, and instead he had been brutally outspoken and decidedly unkind. To do him justice, he did not in the least understand how it had come about. He had started ingenuously enough, with any amount of earnest good-will, which had swamped suddenly in a wave of contempt. Rowly's narrow and childish talk, his fads and follies, his servility to Lettice, his readiness to be county catspaw and drudge, with his house the dumping-ground of everybody's good works, had focused into a single impression, irritating him beyond control. He regretted his words, thinking back, and remembering how stricken Rowly had looked, how small and grey and pitiful and thin ; but his very lack of resentment, his attitude of apology for being what he was, had militated against his brother's remorse. Perhaps, though he did not know it, Luis was really striking at the intangible presence in whose shadow Rowly seemed to walk. Perhaps Julian's solicitude, always urgent on the elder man's behalf, was responsible for the sudden flash of scorn.

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He slipped out at the back, and went up the fell, struggling with the emotions thus unleashed. He passed the farm without attempting to look in, and climbed above to an overhanging spur. The bracken was thick and green on all sides, and cradled him as he lay on the steep slope, cooling his eyes on the misty line that he knew to be the sea. Below him, the June evening drew upon itself its vesture of purple and gold. The house at his feet sent up an unwavering column of delicate smoke which seemed to measure itself against the towering fell. He could hear the cars rolling down the park, and now and again glimpsed one between the trees. The tents and the thinning crowd were hidden from him by the Hall, but the last efforts of the band came to him as faint trumpet-calls of eve. Presently they, too, died away, and a last carriage rumbled the players down the drive, the level sun glinting on uniform and horn. Then all the gold went out of the evening's robe. The sun set, and over all the land was the one purple velvet garment of the dusk. He roused himself then, feeling cool and braced, and went briskly down to the house.

It seemed extraordinarily quiet as he went in. All the doors were open, and a cool air that was not big enough for a breeze wandered through the hall and up the stair, freshening every passage and room, and stilling the feverish vibrations of the day. The Cocker lay stretched, asleep, at the hall door, a very black shadow among the little grey ones that were creeping into place on every side. The scent of the flowers in the borders and on the lawns drove through the house in a great current of clean, warm sweetness and

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strength ; perfumed, so it seemed, not only every nook and cranny, but one's whole essence and breath. Every draught of it was a delight, and the cool, steady hands of the night bound themselves about tired brows.

Crane appeared silently, tray in hand, from behind the baize door. For a moment, as he swung it wide, showing the long, faint glimmer of the corridor behind, there entered distant laughter and chatter from the servants' hall. Supper was laid in the library to-night, so he informed Luis. He would find Mr. and Mrs. Garnett there, waiting for their car. Mr. William, he believed, was still outside. The man looked very tired, but his tone was curiously quiet—gentle, even, Luis noticed, with surprise. Not a hint of antagonism fluttered the tender, dusky air. He went on again with his tray, and Luis turned slowly to follow, but stopped in passing at the drawing-room door.

Julian was there, standing by the piano, gathering the music into careful heaps. The encroaching darkness was beginning to lay merciful hands upon the total debasement of the room. In its shadow the Turkey red and the mauve lay down together like the lion and the lamb. The dim array of cane chairs had an immobile yet attentive air, as if momentarily expecting to be taken away. All the windows were still flung wide, so that the full glamour of the garden floated in on the wings of the same disturbing sweetness filling the hall. Julian's white figure looked ghostlike in the empty, shadowed room, as her hands moved silently over the sheets. Here and there, a gilded frame glimmered suddenly through the dusk ; and

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Luis had a fancy that, in just such fashion, the gold of her hair shone dimly on the wall behind.

She saw him as she finished the neat pile, as he went in and across and up the platform steps. To her, he, too, looked somewhat unreal, with his dark, still face, and his hushed, elastic step. They stood at either side of the piano, opposite the open door, so that anyone passing could see them standing there, and hear what they said. How that he was near to her, close to the delicate pallor of her cheek, she seemed more distant than before ; while in her eyes was the mixture of fear and dislike with which they had met him at the very first. She folded her hands on the music, and leaned across.

‘ What have you done to Rowly ? ’ she asked, without greeting or preface. ‘ It must have been you—there was no one else. What did you do to him, this afternoon ? ’

He stared at her dumbly for a moment, infinitely surprised. In the sunset ceremonial on the fell and the enveloping peace of the night, his burst of irritation had been completely blotted out. She went on quickly before he could speak, all of her ghostly but her accusing lips and the condemnation in her eyes.

‘ I asked you to take care of him—Bill, too, so he says—oh, you don’t know how badly he needs care !—and instead of that . . . what was it that you did ? You were with him some time, and when he came out he looked stunned and stupid and a little blind. But you know how he looked, of course. I needn’t tell you that. You couldn’t have quarrelled with him, I suppose ? Surely nobody could quarrel with him, *now* ? ’

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Luis lifted his head, feeling a puzzled anger wake and stir. As usual, she was harping upon Rowly, as if the latter's depression and failing health were somehow due to himself. The womanly tenderness that he had at first admired was beginning to get on his nerves. She carried her attitude too far. Bill, too. There was something morbid about this everlasting concern.

'Don't you think you imagine things, sometimes?' he asked, as lightly as he could. 'Rowly overdoes his strength, I know, and of course he is tired, after all these strenuous days; but he is not at the end of things, as you seem to think.'

She shivered suddenly, as if the soft air circling round her head had held an icy breath from the snows.

'You won't tell me what you did?'

'I did nothing, but I admit that I said a good deal! I'm afraid I even lost my temper, and told him he was absurd. It was not the right time, of course, when he was so tired and rushed, but there never is a right time with Rowly, as you know.'

'How could you . . . call him absurd?' There was amazement in her voice as well as rebuke, as if she had found him flinging mud at a saint.

His annoyance increased.

'I happen to be his brother, you see. I considered that he deserved it, for once. All this sociological and benevolent fury is too much for him, and it is time it came to an end. It is certainly not worth the sacrifice of his life. In the scheme of things it won't count a rap.'

'You told him that?' She laughed miserably. 'Oh, the poor dear!'

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‘ Hard-hitting, you think ? But it *does* seem to me absurd—Quixote on the windmill, beating the air. Why can’t he go at things more slowly, less as if he were being driven ? I can’t see that anybody would be a penny the worse, even Mrs. Garnett. I don’t want to be discourteous, but she does rush him, you know. Why, for instance, should he have been saddled with all this affair ? Of course he likes being at her beck and call—I don’t dispute that—just as he likes to think that he is doing good all round. The trouble is that he goes too far. He has put on the pace since I came ; even I can see that. It is becoming a sort of mania that he hasn’t the will to fight, and that will end by killing him before his time.’

She made a quick movement of helpless despair.

‘ Oh, if only you knew ! *You* to condemn him, with your egotism and conceit ! Can’t you see how he has thought for you and guarded you, and kept his troubles to himself, even to-day when you turned on him for no reason at all ? Oh, I hope you will remember, when your own turn comes’

He stared at her, too deeply interested to make further defence. On the fringe of the puzzle light was showing at last.

‘ What is it ? ’ he asked, determined now to get at the truth. ‘ Tell me plainly what you mean. What is it that you all seem to know except myself ? ’

‘ You ought to know the story of your own race. If you had really belonged, or really cared, you would have found out, long before now. The family history is nothing to you, just as Rowly is nothing. But when your own time comes to face the sheep—’

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‘ The sheep ? ’

‘ Yes, yes ! Oh, you won’t believe, even though you have seen them for yourself. When the sheep come down from the fell, it’s to warn the master of death, and since the day you came they’ve been twice—when the horses ran away, and the night the specialist was here. And Rowly’s still alive . . . only afraid . . . dreadfully afraid . . . ’

‘ But surely you can’t expect me to believe all that ! ’ He spoke tolerantly, half-inclined to laugh, yet stirred by the amazing passion of her tone ; and saw her beat her hands against the wood.

‘ If you would try to realize what it means ! Mother doesn’t believe, either, but the rest of us . . . oh, I don’t know. How *can* we know ? It’s merely tradition for most of us, though some of the older folk have seen it before, Rowly himself among them. He gave orders at once that you were not to be told, right at the first when he was still reeling from the shock. He took endless precautions, hedged you round on every side, and always when you left him he fretted himself ill for fear you should get to know. He thought you might feel you had brought him death in your hand. You see, it’s part of the Spanish curse to be afraid of the sheep. You were ill, too, and he wanted you to have every chance. He thought of you, all the time.

‘ And then he set to work to do what he could for everybody else, for the tenants, for the county, for Mother . . . anybody who asked. He gives himself right and left because there is no need to save himself any more. He hurries because he feels he can’t

do enough in the time. Every morning he wonders whether he will live till night, and every night he wonders whether he will see the dawn. It's a living death . . . purgatory . . . and worse. Whether it's true or not, it's all that. And all the while he smiles, and speaks kindly, and considers others first, while you think him absurd, and tell him that he is nothing and no use—you, whom he has tried so hard to spare ! He wanted your sympathy, too. He wanted all the help he could get, but he did without it rather than that you should be hurt. But it isn't fair that he should suffer more than he need. It is more than time that you should know the truth.'

A grey figure came up in the tall frame of the door. Rowly himself looked in across the dusk.

'Your parents are leaving, Julian—waiting for the car. I'm afraid your mother is very tired. I didn't know you were here, or I'd have brought you some supper myself. What do you say to some egg-flip with a dash of sherry and all that ? You could drink it as you go. My dear—you haven't forgotten your promise of last year ?'

She turned towards him. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

'No, I did not forget, but I have broken it, nevertheless. It wasn't right that you should have so much to bear, and his unkindness as well ! He knows now—what he ought to have known, long ago.'

There was a pause, and then Rowly said, in a meditative tone of faint surprise—

'My little Julian to lay a burden on a man's soul ! I trusted you most because I thought you loved me

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most, except, perhaps, my good fellow, Crane. But perhaps you forgot about loving me, just then. Of course, it's so jolly easy to forget.' He turned a little in the door. 'Crane—are you there—my good Crane? Is it so jolly easy to forget?'

A blacker figure grew behind him, with a calm, white face, and they melted out again into the hall. Julian stood a moment longer, and then turned to gather the music in her arms, only to let it drop back. Her head drooped in her hands, and Luis heard her sob. He moved quickly to her side.

'Please listen to me . . . do listen . . . you were quite right! I am glad you told me. If only you had done it before! Of course I ought to have known—it was absurd to try to keep it back—but at least you won't blame me now for seeing things in so different a light?'

She shook her head without lifting it.

'I was angry. You seemed so hard. And now it is spoilt . . . gone for nothing . . . all his trouble and care. I didn't mean to hurt you—ah, but yes, I did!'

'How have you hurt me? You don't suppose I believe such a fable as this? I daresay there is an old tale, but there can't be anything more. Come, you must try to laugh it down, and to make Rowly laugh, too. I have wondered always why you have looked at me as if I had committed a crime. I suppose you felt that I was responsible, in a way, almost as if I were pushing Rowly out of the place. Well, as you said, it will be my turn next!' He laughed cheerfully, and she uttered a little, protesting cry, at which he put out

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his hand and very lightly touched hers. ' You know, the only hurt you have done me is to look at me—as I said. It *did* hurt, I confess, when I was under the weather, and rather lonely and strange. I wish you would take it back—blot it out. Look at me once as you look at a friend.'

He was very near her, bent on driving out remorse ; his voice, dropping by degrees, full of persuasive cadences and southern, caressing notes. Something stirred about them that belonged to a more passionate and splendid clime. She raised her head at last, and met his eyes in the dusk, the blue of her own dark with her shed tears. She saw him now—in the half-light where she hardly saw him at all—as if for the first time. She had struck at this man in her pity for another, and the blow had opened a door in her own heart. The look she gave him was pathetic because it did not know what it gave. The waves of perfume on which they breathed eddied back and forth.

More figures were moving in the hall, and a car came round on a drowsy hum, as if it, like the land, were already half-asleep. Somebody—it was Arthur's voice—uttered a half-shout that was instantly stilled. Julian moved with a quick sigh, and went down the platform steps ; Luis, carrying the music, behind.

A little crowd was gathered at the hall door, still a-glimmer with the purple light that would never fade all night long. Rowly was in the centre of the group, with Lettice at one hand and Dick at the other. Bill was on the steps, with a wrap flung over his arm. Crane stood beside the car, a featureless study in black and white. Arthur was down on the drive, his face

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turned to the lawns below, where the tents stood up greyly, like monster-moths with drooped and folded wings. Round the corner of the house, the other men-servants peered, motionless and dumb. Through the baize door of the hall, the cambric of women's caps, starring the gloom, showed where the maids stood huddled, side by side. The Cocker still lay on the top step, with his inky nose stretched on his inky paws.

Under the same hushing spell, the two from the Mauve Room melted into the circle round the door. Rowly stirred when Julian came up behind, and drew her hand through his arm. Dick turned his eyes as Luis appeared at his side, but he did not speak. There was no attempt to send him back, or to ignore the cause of that accumulated quiet. There was no reason now why he should not look, where they were all looking, with open eyes.

They were moving between the tents, over the dim lawns, and along the shadowed hollows of the park, through the rose gardens, where the flower-heads were heavy with dew, and the lavender-walk that brushed their sides as they went by. On both hands they were coming from the fell, without hurry, yet without pause, on little, firm, light hoofs, to cluster opposite the silent house. They did not bend their heads to crop the sweet, wet turf, or lift a single cry into the imperturbable night. They came into being like slow-moving figures on a darkened screen, the snowy backs of the new-clipped mothers and the little trotting bodies of the lambs.

It was Mrs. Garnett who moved first, with a tiny, contemptuous shrug, as if even she, caught for the

moment by the prevailing belief, was too exhausted to protest. She went down to the car without so much as a backward look, and Crane settled the rug across her knees. Rowly pressed Julian's hand, urging her gently forward as Bill folded her in the wrap, but she did not move. Dick muttered something in a low growl, at which Rowly shook his head with a meaning insistent and quite defined, and the slow man gave him a grip of the hand, and drew his daughter away. Only Bill remained, looking up at the grey figure in the door, that was so rapidly growing one with the shadows behind, yet whose dignity at this strange moment held all obedient and still. In the young man's face was the hint of a smile, something of the look which angels wear before the courage of a dying bed. Perhaps he was trying, as surely they try, to infuse a little of that exaltation into the passing soul. Then he turned and followed the rest.

The car dropped away on the same sleepy note to the outer twilight of the park, and was lost at last behind the curtain of the night. Arthur had disappeared round the end of the house. Crane came rigidly up the steps, and at the sight of him the baize door was hurriedly closed. Still the two brothers stood together without look or word. The sheep were nearer now, coming up into the drive itself, all over the drive, pressing close to the house, to the very foot of the steps, looking up at the master in the shadows beyond. There was nothing about them to terrify or repel, either in the patient melancholy of the ewes or the innocent, wide-eyed wonder of the lambs. Crane made a move as if to close the door, but Rowly stopped

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him with a glance. Then he went quietly across the hall, and up the carved stair, followed by the Cocker, with little, sleepy steps, to his pleasant room full of cool airs and floating garden scents.

And all night long the door stood open wide, for that which would to enter, unopposed.

* * * *

Luis stood at his window, gazing up at the dim, looming temple that was the fell. As a rule, it was alive with vague presences, real if unseen, and the mournful voices of the flock. To-night, nothing called from the precipices or crouched amongst the fern. There were no owls hooting round the windows of the ancient farm ; no bats circled and dipped in the park ; no alert sheepdogs, stabled for the night, warned each other across the land. The house about him and beneath his feet was absolutely still, even from that strange talk that fills the unwatched hours. He himself was still under the domination of the enveloping calm which had fallen over spirit and frame alike in the shadow-drama of the hall. Already he had stood for more than an hour by the flung-up sash, every muscle gently relaxed, even his breathing faint and very slow. His brain, too, though it moved continuously round the events of the day, like a wrestler seeking a chance to close, never seriously tried to take hold. Indeed, it came to him, after a while, that he was not really thinking at all. He was waiting, just as everything about him was waiting, especially that extraordinary muteness on the fell.

Yet there was nothing morbid in the silence, nothing death-like or strained, nothing at which either the

heart or the nerves need take fright. Nor was it hypnotic, anaesthetizing the faculties and binding the soul. It had, on the contrary, an effect of conscious, superlative tranquillity, of erasing doubt and dismissing fear, so that from the great arms of its content the spirit looked at the wonder of the universe, and was exalted without effort, enlarged without pain.

His own hard words to his brother seemed meaningless as words remembered after long years ; as if Rowly were already out of reach of the power of the tongue. If brutal, they had nevertheless been more or less true, spoken in the ordinary world of ordinary things ; but this plane to which he was swung was not the ordinary world. On this plane you could believe that a man might read his sentence elsewhere than in a doctor's eyes ; that a dumb, domestic beast could indeed be the messenger of death. Even with a foot in either world, you could believe that and a host of similar things, though the odds were you would be horribly afraid ; but, wholly on this plane, you could believe and not be afraid at all. Rowly had suffered cruelly, hanging over the abyss, but at last he was across. How long, Luis wondered, would he himself shiver on the brink ?

The fantastic thoughts appeared born of themselves, not of any effort of the brain, but they seemed very illuminating and clear, like the impossible, reasonless sentences we speak so loudly in our dreams. Nothing from the world of flesh and blood either clogged their succession or flourished the laws of commonplace and common sense. Only, at times, a vision of Julian, with that unexpected dawn in her tearful eyes, linked him

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by a rope of perfume to things human and understood.

Suddenly, he fell fast asleep, standing upright by the cushioned seat. From his waking state, where his mind, ineffably serene, seemed to be freed from his physical self, he passed in his dreams to a full consciousness of bodily struggle, of personal trouble and discomfort and dread. He swayed in an invisible boat shaken and struck by the waves, as if the water had been a concrete substance instead of a yielding element beneath her keel ; and in the torment of the ship he, too, was battered and suffered shock, as the shudders and thrills of her straining planks drove upwards from his feet. The wet rope to which he clung bit into his fingers with salted teeth. The enveloping, screaming, senseless wind dragged at him from behind, as if eternally sworn to break his clutch ; or flung him, pinned, against the reeling mast. There was water under the deck that he dared not stir to bale because of the monstrous enemy stooping ready to snatch. It surged and swayed, gurgling and slapping at his knees, and the boat wallowed, lay over on her side. He could see nothing anywhere, not even the maddened, drowning hulk which still contrived to hold him safe. Blinded thus, all his consciousness was centred in his physical distress, the awful, human piteousness of the boat, the combined lashing horror of wind and wave, that struck and struck and struck again, determined to make an end . . .

He returned as suddenly as he had gone. Gasping and trembling, he was yet aware that he had been recalled by that single instant, preceding events, in

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which the brain leaps fully awake without apparent cause. And then he heard the telephone-bell ring in the library below.

Collecting himself, he opened his door very quietly, and saw Crane coming towards him, but without hurry or alarm. His haggard face was no longer a mask, but altogether human and kind. He looked frankly at Luis as he approached.

'I'm glad you're up, sir. I somehow thought you wouldn't be in bed. The master's asking for you, if you don't mind. He wouldn't let me trouble you before, but I think he wants to see you now. I'm afraid he's going very fast.'

'The doctor?' Luis asked, his voice difficult and hoarse, as if the very futility of the question held it back. Not the least extraordinary point of this extraordinary affair was the acceptance of the fact that a man, still far from old, and without definite injury or disease, should yet pass swiftly away under their very eyes.

'I've sent for him, sir. You must have heard me ringing off. He was at home and in bed, but he's coming over at once. It's better he should be here, though it isn't any use.'

'Can he speak—my brother, I mean? He's conscious, I suppose?'

'Oh, yes, sir. Weaker, of course, but he's very anxious to talk. Been muttering to himself for some time, and now he's asked for you. Somehow I've an idea he was kind of rehearsing what he meant to say. You'll excuse me, sir, but he admires you that much, he doesn't like to be caught out. A bit afraid you'll

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look down on him, you know, you having been abroad and seeing such a lot. And then, he's had to keep such a watch on himself, all these months, he'll hardly know where to begin. He's always been one to chatter straight on, just as it came into his head. To have to stop before he spoke, and listen to himself, and always be on the look-out—why, I can't help thinking it must have come harder to him than most.'

Hard for him, indeed ; but, to others, ironically pathetic, that of this particular man this particular sacrifice should have been asked ; that one who had nothing to hide, nothing in his life that the whole world might not know, had yet been forced to seal this terrible chamber in his mind. Expansive by nature, emotionally ready to give and to receive, immensely dependent upon sympathy and help, he had nevertheless shut himself off at the very moment when his personal demands were crying their loudest need. He had done it instantly, too—and willingly ; and though he had wavered once, he had never really gone back on his resolve. At a time when his will-power was weakened by shock, he had learned to defend his most vulnerable points. The affectionate little man had borne to be misjudged. The chatterer had learned to hold his tongue.

The lamps in the room were unlit, but a night-light burned in a Ruskin saucer by the bed. All the hangings of the room were blue, the della Robbia blue that is essentially happy and clean, the colour of the simple-souled and the kind, the child-lover and the smiling heart. The long curtains before the open panes were only partly drawn, and now and again billowed ever

so slightly in their folds, like soft, blue sails taking a capful of wind that only they could discern. A white rose tree in a blue pot stood on a table across the room, looking like a cluster of white blossom suspended starrily in space. The Cocker was stretched on the floor at the bed-foot. Above the blue silk coverlet, all that could be seen of Rowly was his thin, hollow-templed face, and one of the nervous hands that had the fingers peaceably closed. Crane set a chair by the bed, and retreated to the exact spot from which his presence could be felt, but could in no way restrict or disturb. And at once Rowly began to talk.

'Sorry to bother you, old man! Hard day, you know, tying up parcels and hanging round to be used. Three hard days . . . should be in bed and asleep. Shame. Too bad. But there's something I want to say—just two or three words. Couldn't explain, this afternoon; couldn't even talk sense; but I think I might frame a bit better now, if you don't mind.'

His voice, worn to the merest thread, thin as a whistle though perfectly clear, struck his brother with amaze, in so short a time had it changed, drawn to itself the unmistakable symptom of decay. It was plain to Luis that the humanity before him was even now loosing its tenant from its walls of clay. The transcendental ecstasy died down, leaving him conscious that they were man and man, closely akin, and that, without petition on one side and forgiveness on the other, it would be unbearable to part.

'I was unjust . . . impertinent . . . I had no right to judge. I did not know your motives—how

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could I?—I could only look at things from outside. I wanted to hit out, I don't know why, and you happened to be there. But it was largely because I cared that you should not go to waste. I wish—I wish I had told you that.'

'Yes.' A look of pleasure came over the other's face. 'I should have liked to have understood that!'

'I was puzzled, too—had been, since I came. People looked at me with accusing eyes, and I did not know why. Oh, no, they did not speak, but I saw there was something they would like to say, if they were allowed. They seemed to hate me, sometimes, especially Crane and . . . Crane, of course, went rather to extremes. Oh, yes, he knows I know. It is all right. Why didn't you tell me, old man? I could have helped.'

'Oh, I could hardly have done that, you know, with you so jolly seedy and down on your luck. It would have looked like accusing you of bringing it along. Guest, you see . . . oh no. So I asked everybody to keep quiet, as a favour to myself; in fact, I was really rather firm. One must, sometimes. You were always talking of going back, and I couldn't have you worried for nothing at all. There didn't seem any reason why you should ever know.'

'It would not have worried me one hour. I could have kept you from worrying, too.'

'You've a strong will . . . character, you know—can stand up to things and all that; perhaps it wouldn't have done you any harm. You could have told me not to be an ass—that would have helped a lot—but I didn't feel justified in taking the risk. I've

never been brave enough to take risks for other people, just off my own bat. I was like that with Lettice. We were engaged once, just for a day, though perhaps she wouldn't like me to mention it, now. I thought she'd suffer, you see. People do suffer when they care a good deal, and I didn't think it fair, so I gave her up. You know, she *might* have suffered if she'd believed—looking out and dreading and all that ; not that I should have been worth it—conceited ass ! I don't say everybody should do it—give up, of course. The others didn't, or we shouldn't be here, but it was like that for me. I'd seen my mother when my father's time came, though he was lucky and went very quick. All the same, I never bothered about myself until it was actually here, and then I seemed to go completely to bits. Ridiculous, of course. Poor-spirited, very. But I was horribly afraid.'

' I could have kept you from being afraid.'

' I used to wonder if you could. It would have made things so much jollier for a coward like me, having you to talk to, and lean on, and all that. I was tempted no end, sometimes, but then, it might have been the other way about. You'd a career, too. I had to think of your peace of mind, and I was terribly torn in twain. I wanted you near me, you see, and yet I felt you ought to go. Rottenly selfish, of course, but there it is. Why, I'm even brute enough to be glad that little Julian broke her word, because now I can tell you things as they are. The work, you know—the meetings and the charities and all that—of course it's all trivial to you, but it's not absolute waste. There are a few people who think quite a lot of me—you've

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no idea ! —only I couldn't remember them, just at the time. It all seemed so small, as you said. I've a crowd of kind letters somewhere, that I keep to read again, though of course I never do. Time, you know ; and then it seems rather vain. But there'll be things about me in the papers when I'm dead. Perhaps you'll see I had a point or two, after all. They'll send police, I expect, to walk in front, and all the farmers will be there, and a few others that I know, and some of them will say I was a friend. Perhaps you won't be ashamed when you see the wreaths and testimonials and things. It seems so jolly rotten you should have to be ashamed.'

Luis sank his head in his hands. He gave a short laugh that was levelled at his own incredible speech.

' *Gran Dios !* Forget it. It was not said.'

Rowly turned slightly on his pillow, and sighed, and Crane came up, glass in hand. The sick man drank a little, and lay silent for a while. He seemed to be marshalling his thoughts into the paths by which alone they could hope to reach the end in time.

' I didn't care for county work, at first. I thought it dull and dry and limited—like you. Somewhere, I've got the Spanish touch in me, just a touch. Not the charm and the beauty and the brain and all that, but just the longing to be up and off. Such a jolly lovely world, you know, and I've seen none of it, as you said. I was just on the point of going abroad for a long tour when our father died, and I had to stop at home and take things in hand ; and, by the time they were straightened out, I'd begun to think. I remembered Gaspar and the tales, and I didn't want to be

like that. I might have been, you know. Even though I'm not a Spanish Huddleston, I could have been a little bit like that. It seemed to me that I must tie myself down, so I went for the meetings and all the rest, and let them have me, body and soul. Of course, they grew, every year, but I had come to think I was wanted, and that helped me through. I cared for the place, too, and the people round, and I couldn't have left them if I'd tried. It was only now and then that I wanted other things—blue sky and warm sun when it was grey and cold, palaces and orange-groves, and things like that. I've always been soft about the cold, and I used to ache for the South, at times. But I'd my pictures, you know, those jolly things downstairs, and after a while I made a palace of my own. We made a palace where I could forget to ache—Crane and Messrs. Liberty and I.'

Crane moved again, conjuring a parcel out of the gloom. A smile came on Rowly's face as he approached.

'Turn them out, Crane.' I should like to see them, just once; they are always so jolly nice. Mr. Luis won't mind, now I've explained. He knows I had to be tied down.'

Crane lighted the lamp by the bedside with fingers perfectly steady and deft. The ring of flame came over the sick man's face, so that he flinched and shut his eyes, but opened them again at the touch of the silks with a smiling, eager look. Lying with his cheek against the whiteness of the pillow, he stole his weak hand over the patterns, praising this, pondering that, discarding them, one by one, until the bed was littered

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from side to side. He talked all the time, murmuringly, with constant reference to the Lady of the House, while Crane stood stiffly by the head of the bed, sorting, offering, agreeing, answering in well-accustomed replies. Luis sat in silence, with eyes that drowsed a little as they watched; yet he, too, chose and disapproved for the palace that Rowly had made, and saw the colours come up for judgement against the cameo of Julian's cheek.

Rowly's lids dropped as he fingered the last design. He seemed to sink lower in the bed. Crane extinguished the lamp, and let the night-light rule once more. He stole to the window, and leaned out, but could hear no sound of approach. Behind him, Rowly was still murmuring with that tongue of his that could not be still.

'Every wise man ties himself down,' he was saying, as Luis stooped to hear. 'There's a call for most of us in our blood, one way or another, all the time, and we've got to fight it or pay, and we never pay alone. I've fought. Seems strange that such a coward should ever come through.'

He opened his eyes unexpectedly, and looked at his brother.

'But I was horribly afraid!' he said, for the second time, in a clearer tone. 'It was so long, you see—all these months. If only it could have been over at once. . . . But I've begun to think it was punishment, you know, punishment for being such a coward. Because I was afraid, everybody was afraid, all the people who really cared, and they—don't laugh—they pushed it away. It was held back, and couldn't

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get near, and so it was all to go through again. But to-night I wasn't afraid. I'm not sure that I wasn't rather glad. You see, I was very tired, and you thought me an awful ass. . . . So nobody else was afraid, either, and that means that I can go. You can feel the difference in the house, can't you?—just as if every person and thing had given consent at last?'

'No!' Luis said. He spoke in a loud, defiant voice that startled even himself. 'Not I. I haven't given consent.'

Rowly's face took on a piteous strain that was terrible to see. He half-raised himself in the bed, clutching at the coverlet and the patterns lying round. Crane ran forward and halted, leaning towards him as if ready to leap. The Cocker whimpered suddenly on the floor. The curtains filled with a little whip, and emptied again with a sharp sigh.

'You mustn't say that, old man! Don't think it or feel it—please! You'll hold it back, and I'll have to bear it again, and I can't—I won't—I shouldn't know how. I should shoot myself . . . no, no . . . silly ass. . . no, no . . .'

He sank back, drawing the coverlet over his mouth, the fierce trembling of his body shaking the bed. The curtains filled again with a sinister crack. All over and around the house there seemed to come a stir, as if that sudden moment of fear were drawing resources to its aid. A bird called without, mocking and harsh. The peace of the night seemed to be lifting and shredding away, tearing in ragged holes as the spears of panic went through. Crane took another step, and spoke.

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‘ Say what he wants, sir—say it quick ! He’s getting frightened again, and we’ll all follow.’ Already his own hands twitched. ‘ You must. My God ! Hasn’t he had enough ? ’

The agitation widened and grew. It seemed to be driving in outward-spreading circles from the room. The bird outside called again, and others answered it, all of them jarring, unnatural, and drear. In the corridor there were shuffling steps and a hushed mutter of speech. The Cocker threw up his head, and began his keening, blood-chilling note, but Crane flung himself at him, with both hands pressed to his throat. The quiet air quivered on all sides as if bludgeoned and torn. Luis leaned over the bed.

‘ Old man—it’s all right. I’ll not keep you. I’ll not so much as wish. Go ! God bless you. God be with you. Go ! ’

A sort of sigh went through the room. The sounds in the corridor ceased. The curtains drooped softly in long, graceful lines. The night-world sank again into rest. Crane knelt with his head against the bed, the Cocker snuggled at his knee. The movement under the coverlet ceased. It dropped away from lips grown smiling and utterly still. . . .

The transparent dark lifted to grey. Incredibly pure light stole by inches into the room, before which the night-light flickered and went out. Under the window a blackbird twittered sleepily and tenderly, and then broke into long trumpet-notes, like the call of some gold shepherd-pipe waking the day on the Plains of Heaven. There were steps coming up the stairs, the steady step of the healer that neither frets

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nor awakes. Crane was standing to attention when Myre came into the room.

'I hurried for all I was worth, but the car jibbed. I had to walk the last mile.' At the bedside he laid his fingers on the thin wrist, staring a little at the litter round and the silk still crumpled in the palm. In the pause he seemed to be listening to a voice that spoke from very far off, fading and fainting through the gates of dawn. Presently he drew his hand away, and straightened himself. The white fingers of the growing day were bathing Rowly's face from their purifying cup of milk and wine.

Followed by the Cocker, padding at his heels, Luis went out, and saw the hall door still wide. The first shafts of the sun were striking through a window at the back across the dark shine of the floor. The house was full of a clean fragrance and eddies of brightening air. In his own room, the sun, coming over the tops, was smiting from wall to wall. The pungent scent of hay swept up from the fields below the farm. The fell was all splashed with green and gold, except at its pencilled edge against the sky, and across it the flock moved by twos and threes, with their white bodies and black hoofs. Their familiar, mournful cry came sharp and musical from slope and steep.

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NOTES

I

W. M. THACKERAY —THE NEWCOMES

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-63), of a Yorkshire yeoman family, was born in India, where his father held office as collector. He was sent to England in 1817, and educated at Walpole House, Chiswick, at Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he studied little, and left in June 1830 without a degree, after making friends with Edward FitzGerald, Tennyson, and others. He then travelled abroad and met Goethe at Weimar. In 1831 he entered the Middle Temple, sharing rooms in Crown Office Row with Tom Taylor, but soon gave up the legal profession. In 1833 he became proprietor of 'The National Standard', for which he wrote and drew. It had a short existence, and Thackeray settled in Paris to study drawing. In 1836 he published eight caricatures of ballet-dancers entitled 'Flore et Zéphyr' under the pseudonym 'Théophile Wagstaff', and became Paris correspondent of 'The Constitutional', which failed. In the same year he married Isabella Shawe. He returned to England in 1837 and contributed to 'Fraser's Magazine' 'The Yellowplush Correspondence' (in which Mr. Yellowplush, an illiterate footman, relates his social experiences) and wrote reviews for 'The Times' and other papers. The 'Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan' appeared in 'The New Monthly Magazine' in 1838-9, and 'Catherine' narrated by 'Ikey Solomons, junior' in 'Fraser' in 1839-40, the latter being an attempt

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to ridicule the exaltation of crime in fiction. In 1840 Thackeray was parted from his wife owing to her insanity, a calamity that had a marked effect upon his writing, in which the element of pathos becomes more pronounced. 'A Shabby Genteel Story' appeared in 'Fraser' in 1840, 'The Paris Sketch-Book, by Mr. Titmarsh' in the same year, and 'The Great Hoggarty Diamond' in 1841. In these last two works Thackeray assumed the pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. In the character of George Savage Fitz-Boodle he contributed to 'Fraser' in 1842-3 the 'Fitz-Boodle Papers', the confessions of an elderly clubman of the flames inspired in his susceptible heart by various German maidens. Fitz-Boodle reappears in 'Men's Wives', a series printed in 'Fraser' in 1843, which contains the diverting portraits of the adventurer Captain Howard Walker and the composer Sir George Thrum. 'Bluebeard's Ghost' and 'The Irish Sketch-Book' by M. A. Titmarsh were published in the same year; and in 1844 Thackeray, in the character again of Fitz-Boodle as editor, contributed to 'Fraser' 'The Luck of Barry Lyndon'. 'Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh', a long 'sketch-book', appeared in 1846. Thackeray began his contributions to 'Punch' in 1842; of these the best known are 'Jeames's Diary' (1845), 'Mr. Punch's Prize Novelists' (1847) and 'The Snobs of England' (1847, afterwards published as 'The Book of Snobs'), a denunciation of social pretentiousness. Even before the 'Snobs' were completed, the serial numbers of 'Vanity Fair' had begun to appear, followed by those of 'Pendennis' in November 1848, 'Esmond' in 1852, and 'The Newcomes' in 1853-5. Meanwhile Thackeray had begun to publish the tales ('Mrs. Perkins's Ball', 'Our Street', 'The Rose and the Ring', &c.) reprinted in 'Christmas Books' (1857). In these, and in the burlesque 'Legend of

THE NEWCOMES

the Rhine' (1845), 'The Kickleburys on the Rhine', and 'Rebecca and Rowena' (1850), Michael Angelo Titmarsh reappears as author. Thackeray lectured on 'The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century' in 1851 (published in 1853) and on 'The Four Georges' in 1855-6 (published in 1860). In 1852 he went on a lecturing tour to America, and the result was the sequel to 'Esmond', 'The Virginians', published in serial numbers in 1857-9. In 1857 Thackeray had unsuccessfully stood for parliament at Oxford. He had retired from 'Punch' in 1854 and become editor of the 'Cornhill' in 1860. He contributed to it 'Lovel the Widower' (1860), 'The Adventures of Philip' (1861-2, in which the characters of 'The Shabby Genteel Story' reappear), the unfinished 'Denis Duval', and 'The Roundabout Papers'. Mention should be made of Thackeray's ballads and other rhymes, written at various periods of his life, and in various moods. The best known perhaps are the 'Ballad of Bouillabaisse', 'The Mahogany Tree', and the two on Catherine Hayes, the murderess, and Catherine Hayes, the Irish singer.

There is a biography of Thackeray by A. Trollope in the English Men of Letters series (1879), and Lewis Melville published another, in two volumes, in 1910. Sir William Wilson Hunter's 'The Thackerays in India' (1897) contains an interesting account of Thackeray's ancestors in India. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, published 'Chapters from some Memoirs' in 1894.

DINNER WITH THE CAMPAIGNER

PAGE 3.

I . . . Clive, his wife, his father, and his mother-in-law : see Introductory note, page 3.

the Campaigner : Pendennis's polite name for the aggressive adventuress, Mrs. Mackenzie.

NOTES

PAGE 4.

terrible scene : Mrs. Mackenzie, though she profits by the Colonel's resolve, chooses to consider his living at Grey Friars a shameful affair. She is in fact convinced that the Colonel still possesses hidden resources.

PAGE 5.

this argument : viz. that various noblemen had approved of the Colonel's decision to meet all his financial responsibilities. Mrs. Mackenzie is the complete snob.

to be reconciled : the Colonel could not easily forget nor forgive Ethel's refusal to marry his beloved Clive.

Boy's : Clive's little son.

PAGE 9.

the sitter's chair : the chair in the artist's studio meant for models.

Mrs. Jones : the housekeeper at Grey Friars Hospital.

PAGE 10.

Sir Barnes Newcome : Ethel's elder brother, a wealthy banker and an unpleasant character.

Orme's History of India : *History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan* (1763-78), by Robert Orme (1728-1802).

PAGE 11.

Mr. Mill's . . . history : *History of British India* (1818), by James Mill (1773-1836), father of the more famous John Stuart Mill.

Boulogne : where the family had retreated after the financial crash.

PAGE 12.

Adsum : 'I am here' (Latin), the reply given by each boy as his name is called from the school roll. It was the last word used by the dying colonel.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

PAGE 14.

occult : secret, mysterious.

Benedicti Benedicamus : the old Latin grace still occasionally said before meals. 'We, blessed [with food] give thanks [to God].'

PAGE 15.

I'll thank you . . . : spoken in irony. Mrs. Mackenzie means that the wretched maidservant could not expect from her the usual certificate of good service.

PAGE 16.

suverings : sovereigns, English pound pieces. The maid of course speaks imperfect English.

porte-monnaie : purse (French).

warning : i.e. notice of dismissal.

PAGE 19.

Our Father : the so-called 'Lord's Prayer', which begins : 'Our Father, which art in Heaven'—see St. Matt. vi. 9-15.

bade to come unto Him : see St. Mark x. 14.

II

CHARLES DICKENS

—THE PICKWICK PAPERS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-70), the son of a government clerk, underwent in early life, as the result of his family's poverty (his father was imprisoned in the Marshalsea), experiences similar to some of those depicted in 'David Copperfield', and received little education. He became

NOTES

reporter of debates in the Commons to the 'Morning Chronicle' in 1835, and contributed to the 'Monthly Magazine' (1833-5), to the 'Evening Chronicle' (1835), and other periodicals, the articles that were subsequently republished as 'Sketches by Boz, Illustrative of Every-Day Life and Every-Day People' (1836-7). These were immediately followed by 'The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club', of which the publication in twenty monthly numbers began in April 1836 (the author being then 24). In this work Dickens suddenly reached the plenitude of his powers as a humorist and achieved success and financial ease. 'Oliver Twist' (1837-8) followed in 'Bentley's Miscellany', and 'Nicholas Nickleby' (1838-9) in monthly numbers. His next two novels, 'The Old Curiosity Shop' and 'Barnaby Rudge', Dickens published as parts of the serial 'Master Humphrey's Clock' (1840-1), an unnecessary device which he soon abandoned. In 1842 he went to America, where he advocated international copyright and the abolition of slavery. The literary results of the voyage were 'American Notes' (1842) and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' (1843-4). 'A Christmas Carol' appeared in 1843, a Christmas book that was followed in each of the succeeding years by 'The Chimes', 'The Cricket on the Hearth', 'The Battle of Life', and 'The Haunted Man', works described by him as 'a whimsical sort of masque intended to awaken loving and forbearing thoughts', which added greatly to his popularity. He paid a long visit to Italy in 1844, which produced the 'Pictures from Italy' contributed to the 'Daily News' in 1846 (Dickens was the founder and for a short time editor of this paper), and to Switzerland in 1846, where he wrote 'Dombey and Son', published in 1848. In 1850 Dickens started the weekly periodical 'Household Words', succeeded in 1859 by 'All the Year Round', and this he carried on until his death. In these

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

he published much of his later writings, including the Christmas stories that replaced the earlier Christmas books. 'David Copperfield', appeared in monthly numbers in 1849-50, 'Bleak House' in 1852-3, the unsuccessful 'Child's History of England' in 1852-4, 'Hard Times' in 1854, 'Little Dorrit' in 1857-8, 'A Tale of Two Cities' in 1859, 'Great Expectations' in 1860-1, and 'Our Mutual Friend' in 1864-5. Dickens had begun to give public readings in 1858, which he continued during his second visit to America in 1867-8. After his return he began, in 1870, 'Edwin Drood', but died suddenly before finishing it. Among minor works of his later years should be mentioned 'Hunted Down' ('New York Ledger', 1859, 'Household Words', 1860), 'Holiday Romance' (1868), 'The Uncommercial Traveller' series (1861). Dickens collaborated with Wilkie Collins in various stories which appeared in 'Household Words' and 'All the Year Round' (e.g. 'The Wreck of the Golden Mary', 'A Message from the Sea', and 'No Thoroughfare'). The standard biography of Dickens is that of John Forster (1872-4; memorial edition, 1911).

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

PAGE 24.

First of September: when partridge shooting begins.

coxcombry: fussiness over one's personal appearance, dandyism.

PAGE 25.

pointers: game dogs. See the description given on page 29.

PAGE 26.

snack: light lunch.

NOTES

PAGE 27.

feed : paid a fee, tipped, preferably written 'fee'd'.

PAGE 30.

covey : flight or group of partridges.

PAGE 34.

billet : home.

leathers : referring to the boy in the leather leggings.

walley : Sam Weller's mispronunciation of 'value'.

Tyburn : near Hyde Park in London, where criminals used to be hanged in public.

PAGE 36.

Dingley Dell : the home of Mr. Pickwick's host.

PAGE 38.

surtout : overcoat, overall (French).

PAGE 39.

spring guns : a kind of traps, fixed to go off when trod on by the trespasser.

PAGE 41.

pound : the open-air lock-up, used ordinarily for stray cattle.

PAGE 42.

the many-headed : the crowd, the 'many-headed multitude'.

town-beadle : officer employed by the parish.

spiled : mispronunciation of 'spoiled'.

III

R. L. STEVENSON

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-94), son of Thomas Stevenson, joint-engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses, was born in Edinburgh. He entered Edinburgh University in 1867 and studied engineering, but soon abandoned this for the law and was admitted advocate in 1875. He composed an essay on the 'Pentland Rising of 1666' in his sixteenth year (printed 1866) and contributed to the 'Edinburgh University Magazine' in 1871 and the 'Portfolio' in 1873. An affection of the lungs led to his frequent journeys in search of health. His 'Inland Voyage', describing a canoe tour in Belgium and France, was published in 1878, and his 'Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes', the description of a tour taken in 1878, in the following year. In 1879 he travelled to California by emigrant ship and train, and married Mrs. Osbourne in America in 1880. After a stay at Calistoga (recorded in 'The Silverado Squatters', 1883) he returned to England. Meanwhile, though very ill with tuberculosis, he contributed to various periodicals and wrote a number of essays, short stories, and fragments of travel and autobiography, collected in 'Virginibus Puerisque' (1881), 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books' (1882), and 'The New Arabian Nights' (1882), including 'The Pavilion on the Links'. To the same categories belong 'Prince Otto' (1885), 'The Merry Men' (1887, including 'Markheim' and 'Thrawn Janet'), 'Memories and Portraits' (1887), 'Across the Plains' (1892), 'Island Nights' Entertainments' (1893), 'In the South Seas' (1896), and 'The Amateur Emigrant' (included in vol. iii of the Edinburgh edition of his collected works). Long before this Stevenson had become famous by the publication in 1883

NOTES

of 'Treasure Island'. This was followed by 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' (1886) and a series of romances: 'Kidnapped' (1886) and 'Catriona' its sequel (1893), 'The Black Arrow' (1888), 'The Master of Ballantrae' (1889), the unfinished masterpiece, 'Weir of Hermiston' (1896), and 'St. Ives' (1898), also unfinished, but completed by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. In collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson wrote 'The Wrong Box' (1889), 'The Wrecker' (1892), and 'The Ebb-Tide' (1894). In 1888 Stevenson had set out for the South Seas and settled in Samoa, where he bought the 'Vailima' property and temporarily recovered his health. There he died suddenly from rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain, and there he was buried. He had interested himself greatly in the affairs of the Pacific Islands, and on them wrote 'A Footnote to History' in 1892.

Stevenson wrote some remarkable poetry, collected in 'A Child's Garden of Verses' (1885) and 'Underwoods' (1887). He collaborated with W. E. Henley in a few dramas: 'Deacon Brodie' (1880), 'Beau Austin' (1892), and 'Admiral Guinea' (1897). He was a delightful letter-writer, and his 'Vailima Letters' were published in 1895, followed in 1911 by 'The Letters of R. L. S.', edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. The Edinburgh edition of his collected works (edited by Colvin) appeared in 1894-8, the Pentland edition in 1906-7, and the Swanston edition in 1911-12. A 'Life' of Stevenson by Graham Balfour was published in 1901, and there have been several later biographies and studies of his work.

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

PAGE 48.

divinity: theology.

holograph: wholly in the handwriting of one man.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

PAGE 49.

Cavendish Square : in the neighbourhood of Harley Street, in the west part of central London, where distinguished doctors and medical specialists congregate.

PAGE 50.

theatrical : overacted.

Damon and Pythias : the famous friends of the ancient Greek story.

PAGE 51.

conveyancing : legal transfer of property.

protégé : the French word means 'protected'; one looked after by another.

small hours : from midnight till about 2 or 3 a.m.

PAGE 53.

growl : i.e. of the traffic.

PAGE 54.

à propos : a French phrase; 'appropriately', 'to the purpose'.

Soho : a less fashionable district of west central London.

PAGE 56.

troglydite : of prehistoric man.

Dr. Fell : the famous seventeenth century divine and benefactor of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, to whom he presented the still used 'Fell' types. His name is popularly remembered because of the rhyme—

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.

continent : container.

NOTES

PAGE 58.

statute of limitations: according to which debts not resolved within a certain period are time-barred, and so legally cancelled.

pede claudo: 'with limping foot' (Lat.).

Jack-in-the-Box: a favourite kind of toy, a box furnished with a spring lid which, when opened, suddenly and surprisingly ejects the 'Jack' inside.

IV

H. G. WELLS

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS, (1866-), the son of a small tradesman and professional cricketer, was apprenticed to a draper in early life, a period of which reflections may be seen in some of his best novels ('The History of Mr. Polly', 'Kipps', 'The Wheels of Chance'). He became a teacher at Midhurst Grammar School and subsequently graduated at the Normal School of Science, South Kensington. He followed the teaching profession until 1893, when he definitely adopted that of letters. Some interesting autobiographical details are to be found in his essay, 'This Misery of Boots' (1907, reprinted in 'A Miscellany of Tracts and Pamphlets', World's Classics).

Wells's novels divide themselves broadly into three groups: (1) fantastic and imaginative romances, in which, after the manner of Swift in 'Gulliver's Travels', the author projects himself to a distant standpoint—the moon, the future, the air—and views our life from outside, e.g. as

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH

an angel sees it ('The Wonderful Visit'); (2) novels of character and humour, of which 'The History of Mr. Polly' (1910) is the type; (3) discussion novels—discussion, that is, in the main, of human ideals and progress—to which Wells's essay on 'The Contemporary Novel' ('Fortnightly Review', November 1911, reprinted in 'An Englishman Looks at the World', 1914) serves as a general introduction.

Mr. Wells's publications include: 'The Time Machine' and 'The Wonderful Visit' (1895), 'The Invisible Man' (1897), 'The War of the Worlds' (1898), 'When the Sleeper Wakes' (1899, revised and reissued in 1911 as 'The Sleeper Awakes'), 'Love and Mr. Lewisham' (1900), 'The First Men in the Moon' (1901), 'Anticipations' (sociological essays, 1902), 'The Food of the Gods' (1904), 'A Modern Utopia' and 'Kipps' (1905), 'Tono-Bungay' (1909, one of Wells's most remarkable works, a picture of English society in dissolution in the later 19th cent., and of the advent of a new class of rich), 'The History of Mr. Polly' (1910), 'Ann Veronica' (1909), 'The New Machiavelli' and 'The Country of the Blind' (1911), 'Bealby' (1915), 'Mr. Britling sees it through' (1916), 'The Outline of History' (1920, first issued in fortnightly parts), 'Short History of the World' (1922), 'The World of William Clissold' (1926), 'The Open Conspiracy' (1928), 'The Science of Life' (1931).

WAR AND GOD

PAGE 62.

Letty: the wife of Mr. Britling's secretary, Teddy, the news of whose death, in the war, has just arrived. See Introductory note, page 61.

PAGE 65.

Edith: Mrs. Britling.

NOTES

PAGE 66.

Mary: a woman, still living in the neighbourhood, with whom Mr. Britling had been in love.

PAGE 67.

Æolian harp: an instrument producing music when exposed to wind. Æolus was the Greek god of winds.

PAGE 73.

catechism: series of questions and answers usually on Christian religious doctrine.

Closer is he than breathing: quoting from Tennyson, 'The Higher Pantheism'.

V

JOHN GALSWORTHY FRATERNITY

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-1933), of a Devonshire family, was educated at Harrow and New College, Oxford. His purpose as a novelist is to throw light on the dark places, the evils and abuses, of life, for the guidance of others; and to do so impartially, showing the good at the same time as the bad (see 'A Novelist's Allegory' in 'The Inn of Tranquillity' (1912), and the discussion of this in A. C. Ward, 'Twentieth-Century Literature').

Mr. Galsworthy's most important work is the series of novels, including 'The Man of Property' (1906), 'In Chancery' (1920), and 'To Let' (1921), collectively entitled 'The Forsyte Saga', of which the main theme is the possessive instinct, embodied to an exaggerated degree in Soames Forsyte, a man with a passion for acquiring all things desirable, and for exercising his proprietary

FRATERNITY

rights to the utmost, even over his reluctant wife. The record of the Forsyte family extends over the later Victorian period, and is resumed in 'A Modern Comedy' (1929), containing 'The White Monkey' (1924), 'The Silver Spoon' (1926), and 'Swan Song' (1928). In these the author depicts a society whose foundations have been shattered by the Great War, left without faith or principles, whose only purpose is 'to have a good time because we don't believe anything can last', but in which the Victorianism of a glum Soames Forsyte here and there survives. The 'Forsyte Saga' includes two 'Interludes': 'Indian Summer of a Forsyte' (1918) and 'Awakening' (1920); and there are two in 'A Modern Comedy', 'A Silent Wooing' (1927) and 'Passers By' (1927). In 1930 appeared a collection of 'apocryphal Forsyte tales' under the title 'On Forsyte-Change'. Among Galsworthy's other best-known novels are 'The Island Pharisees' (1904), 'The Country House' (1907), 'Fraternity' (1909), 'The Patrician' (1911).

Of Mr. Galsworthy's plays the most notable are: 'The Silver Box', 1909; 'Strife' (an industrial dispute in which reconciliation is occasioned by the death of the wife of the men's leader), 1909; 'Justice' (a criticism of the existing prison system), 1910; 'The Skin Game' (a conflict between a parvenu manufacturer and an old-established aristocrat), 1920; and 'Loyalties', 1922.

IN THOSE DAYS

PAGE 83.

dram-shops: wine shops, public-houses.

PAGE 92.

Martin: Martin Stone, a medical student interested in practical sociology.

NOTES

Serpentine : a piece of water in Hyde Park, London, not so winding in fact as the name suggests.

PAGE 93.

Rose and Thorn's : provision merchants.

PAGE 95.

china : suggesting thinness and fragility.

VI

CONSTANCE HOLME

THE OLD ROAD FROM SPAIN

CONSTANCE HOLME, married F. B. Punchard, J.P., F.S.I., 1926 ; author of *The Lonely Plough*, *The Trumpet in the Dust*, *The Splendid Fairing* (which won the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize for 1920-1), *Crumph Folk going Home*, *The Things which Belong*, *Beautiful End* and *He-Who-Came*—all novels ; also of the collection of short stories, *The Wisdom of the Simple*. All these books have been included in the 'World's Classics' series, in which she is the only living novelist represented. Of *The Lonely Plough*, her best known work, over 30,000 copies have been sold since 1931. She has also written plays, one of which, *I Want*, was produced in 1931.

THE SHEEP COME FOR ROWLY

PAGE 103.

Hosts, you know : the sort of elliptical sentence commonly found in English conversation. The meaning is : 'I was their guest, and they my hosts, so of course I had to be polite, and acquiesce.'

THE OLD ROAD FROM SPAIN

the Mauve Room : the drawing room in which mauve was the prevailing colour.

Crane : his butler.

Liberty : the famous firm of Regent Street, London.

got a career : see Introductory note, page 99.

PAGE 105.

that lady-like vampire : i.e. Mrs. Lettice Garnett. See Introductory note, and below, page 127.

PAGE 107.

with his arms full : the heads and skirts belonged to the dolls.

PAGE 108.

been sent : i.e. by Bill Faucett and Julian. See page 111 below.

PAGE 110.

Mr. William : i.e. Bill Faucett.

PAGE 113.

Quixote on the windmill : alluding to the well-known adventure of Don Quixote, in Cervante's romance, in which he attacks the windmills in mistake for giants.

PAGE 117.

under the weather : ill (generally, though not always) because of the weather.

Arthur : another servant.

PAGE 118.

Dick : Richard Garnett, the husband of Lettice.

They : i.e. the sheep.

PAGE 123.

caught out : i.e. found making a mistake in what he says.

NOTES

PAGE 124.

Ruskin saucer: John Ruskin interested himself in designing such articles of daily use in the home.

della Robbia blue: a clear light blue, characteristic of the background of della Robbia's medallions. Della Robbia was a noted fifteenth century Italian sculptor.

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